

A. D. PATERSON,

EDITOR.

E. L. GARVIN & Co.

PUBLISHERS

FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR

"AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM."

PAYABLE IN ADVANCE

OFFICE { 4 Barclay-St.
Astor Building

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 26, 1847.

Vol. 9, No. 10.

PRAYER ON THE BATTLE-FIELD.

BY G. P. QUACKENBOS.

Smoke and dust are around me; the cannon are roaring,
And their death-blasts, like bolts from the heavens are pouring;
Their lightning is darting; the earth is all red;
I hear not, and see not, save dying and dead.
To Thee, oh Omnipotent! humbly I bow,—
There is none that bears rule in the battle but Thou!

Thou only Omnipotent! whether the sea
Calms her pride and her wrath, as she listens to Thee;
Or whether Thou biddest the dead from the grave,
Or speakest in battle, Thou only canst save.
Thou knowest, my Father, that dangers betide;
Be thou my Protector, my Saviour, and Guide.

Thou knowest, our Father, we war for the right;
To Thee looks our country—oh, arm in Thy might!
Let Thy sword wave in front of our serried array;
Let Thy buckler be o'er us, to guard, in the fray.
Oh Father, though I should in death be laid low,
Defend my loved land from the arm of the foe.

Yet spare me, oh God! for the world Thou hast made,
Seems a garden of verdure in beauty arrayed:
Its charms are around me—but if 'tis Thy will
That my grave be the battle field, merciful still,
Oh! take me where passion is banished forever,
Where from Thee, and Thy love-smile, no war-shock can sever!

June 13, 1847.

ON THE NUTRITIVE QUALITIES OF THE
BREAD NOW IN USE.

BY PROFESSOR JOHNSTON.

A few plain words on this subject may not be unacceptable to the popular reader at the present time.

We are fond of what is agreeable to the eye as well as pleasant to the taste, and therefore we love to have our bread made of the whitest and finest of the wheat. Attaching superior excellence to what thus pleases the eye, we call the Scotch bannock an inferior food, and the wholesome black bread of the north of Europe a disgusting article of diet. When our experience and knowledge are local and confined, our opinions necessarily partake of a similar character.

In regard to the different qualities of wheaten flour, our judgments are not so severe. All things which pertain to this aristocratic grain—this staff of English life—like the liveries and horses of a great man—are treated with a certain degree of respect. Still they are only the appendages of the noble seed, and the more thoroughly they are got rid of, the better the kernel is supposed to become.

In many of our old-fashioned families, indeed, the practice still lingers of baking bread from the whole meal of wheat for common use in the kitchen or hall, and for occasional consumption on the master's table. An enthusiastic physician also now and then rouses himself, and does battle with the national organs of taste on behalf of the darker bread, and the browner flour—and dyspeptic old gentlemen or mammas who have over-pampered their sickly darlings, listen to his fervid warnings, and the star of the brown loaf is for a month or two in the ascendant.

But gradually the warning sound is lost to the alarmed ear, and the pulses of the commoved air waft it on to mingle with the thousand other long-quenched voices which people the distant realms of space, and form together that unutterable harmony which, by consent of the poets, is named the music of the spheres.

There are times, however, when good men, though aware of this passing tendency of human efforts, and of the thankless impotency of a struggle against the public voice—that vox populi which wise men (so-called) have pronounced to be also vox Dei—will nevertheless return to what they believe to be a useful though unvalued labour. The present is one in which anything which can be said in favour of the less-valued parts of our imperial grain, will be more readily listened to than at any other period in the lifetime of the existing generation; and being listened to, may be productive of the greatest national good.

I propose, therefore, to show, in an intelligible manner, that whole meal flour is really more nourishing, as well as more wholesome, than fine white flour as food for men.

The solid parts of the human body consist, principally, of three several portions: the fat, the muscle, and the bone. These three substances are liable to constant waste in the living body, and therefore must be constantly renewed from the food that we eat. The vegetable food we consume contains these three substances almost ready formed. The plant is the brick-maker. The animal voluntarily introduces these bricks into its stomach, and then involuntarily—through the operation of the mysterious machinery within—picks out these bricks, transports them to the different parts of the body, and builds them into their appropriate places. As the miller at his mill throws into the hopper the unground grain, and forthwith, by the involuntary movements of the machinery, receives in his several sacks the fine flour, the seconds, the middlings, the pollard, and the bran; so in the human body, by a still more refined separation, the fat is extracted and deposited here, the muscular matter there, and the bony material in a third locality, where it cannot only be stored up, but where its presence is actually at the moment necessary.

Again, the fluid parts of the body contain the same substances in a liquid form, on their way to or from the several parts of the body in which they are required. They include also a portion of salt or saline matter which is dissolved in them, as we dissolve common salt in our soup, or Epsom salts in the pleasant draughts with which our doctors delight to vex us. This saline matter is also obtained from the food.

Now, it is self-evident, that that food must be the most nourishing which supplies all these ingredients of the body most abundantly on the whole, or in proportions most suited to the actual wants of the individual animal to which it is given.

How stands the question, then, in regard to this point, between the brown bread and the white—the fine flour, and the whole meal of wheat?

The grain of wheat consists of two parts, with which the miller is familiar—the inner grain and the skin that covers it. The inner grain gives the pure wheat flour; the skin, when separated, forms the bran. The miller cannot entirely peel off the skin from his grain, and thus some of it is unavoidably ground up with his flour. By sifting, he separates it more or less completely: his seconds, middlings, &c., owing their colour to the proportion of brown bran that has passed through the sieve along with the flour. The whole meal, as it is called, of which the so named brown household bread is made, consists of the entire grain ground up together—used as it comes from the mill-stones unsifted, and therefore containing all the bran.

The first white flour, therefore, may be said to contain no bran, while the whole meal contains all that grew naturally upon the grain.

What is the composition of these two portions of the seed? How much do they respectively contain of the several constituents of the animal body? How much of each is contained also in the whole grain?

1. *The fat.* Of this ingredient a thousand pounds of the

Whole grain contain	28 lbs.
Fine Flour,	20 "
Bran,	60 "

So that the bran is much richer in fat than the interior part of the grain, and the whole grain ground together (whole meal) richer than the finer part of the flour in the proportion of nearly one half.

2. *The muscular matter.* I have had no opportunity as yet of ascertaining the relative proportions of this ingredient in the bran and fine flour of the same sample of grain. Numerous experiments, however, have been made in my laboratory, to determine these proportions in the fine flour and whole seed of several varieties of grain. The general result of these is, that the whole grain uniformly contains a larger quantity, weight for weight, than the fine flour extracted from it does. The particular results in the case of wheat and Indian corn were as follows:—A thousand pounds of the whole grain and of the fine flour contained of muscular matter respectively,—

	Whole grain.	Fine Flour.
Wheat,	156 lbs.	130 lbs.
Indian Corn,	140 "	110 "

Of the material out of which the animal muscle is to be formed, the whole meal or grain of wheat contains one-fifth more than the finest flour does. For maintaining muscular strength, therefore, it must be more valuable in an equal proportion.

3. *Bone material and Saline matter.*—Of these mineral constituents, as they may be called, of the animal body, a thousand pounds of bran, whole meal and fine flour, contain respectively,—

Bran	700 lbs.
Whole meal	170 "
Fine flour	60 "

So that in regard to this important part of our food, necessary to all living animals, but especially to the young who are growing, and the mother who is giving milk—the whole meal is three times more nourishing than the fine flour.

Our case is now made out. Weight for weight, the whole grain or meal is more rich in all these three essential elements of a nutritive food, than the fine flour of wheat. By those whose only desire is to sustain their health and strength by the food they eat, ought not the whole meal to be preferred? To children who are rapidly growing, the browner bread they eat, the more abundant supply of the materials from which their increasing bones and muscles are to be produced. To the milk-giving mother, the same food, and for a similar reason is the most appropriate.

A glance at their mutual relations in regard to the three substances, presented in one view, will show this more clearly. A thousand pounds of each contain of the three several ingredients the following proportions,

	Whole Meal.	Fine Flour.
Muscular matter	156 lbs.	130 lbs.
Bone material	170 "	60 "
Fat	28 "	20 "
Total in each	354	210

Taking the three ingredients, therefore, together, the whole meal is one-half more valuable for fulfilling all the purposes of nutrition than the fine flour—and especially it is so in regard to the feeding of the young, the pregnant, and those who undergo much bodily fatigue.

It will not be denied that it is for a wise purpose that the Deity has so intimately associated, in the grain, the several substances which are necessary for the complete nutrition of animal bodies. The above considerations show how unwise we are in attempting to undo this natural collocation of materials. To please the eye and the palate, we sift out a less generally nutritive food,—and,

to make up for what we have removed, experience teaches us to have recourse to animal food of various descriptions.

It is interesting to remark, even in apparently trivial things, how all nature is full of compensating processes. We give our servants household bread, while we live on the finest of the wheat ourselves. The mistress eats that which pleases the eye more, the maid what sustains and nourishes the body better.

But the whole meal is more wholesome, as well as more nutritive. It is on account of its superior wholesomeness that those who are experienced in medicine usually recommend it to our attention. Experience in the laws of digestion brings us back to the simple admixture found in the natural seed. It is not an accidental thing that the proportions in which the ingredients of a truly sustaining food took their places in the seeds on which we live, should be best fitted at once to promote the health of the sedentary scholar, and to reinvigorate the strength of the active man when exhausted by bodily labour.

Some may say that the preceding observations are merely theoretical; and may demand the support of actual trial, before they will concede that the selection of the most nourishing and wholesome diet is hereafter to be regulated by the results of chemical analysis. The demand is reasonable in itself, and the so-called deductions of theory are entitled only to the rank of probable conjectures, till they have been tested by exact and repeated trials.

But such in this case have been made; and our theoretical considerations come in only to confirm the results of previous experiments—to explain why these results should have been obtained, and to extend and enforce the practical lessons which the results themselves appeared to inculcate.

Thus, from the experiments of Majendie and others, it was known that animals which in a few weeks died if fed only upon fine flour, lived long upon whole meal bread. The reason appears from our analytical investigations. The whole meal contains in a large quantity the three forms of matter by which the several parts of the body are sustained, or successively renewed. We may feed a man long upon bread and water only, but unless we wish to kill him also, we must have the apparent cruelty to restrict him to the coarser kinds of bread. The charity which should supply him with fine white loaves instead, would in effect kill him by a lingering starvation.

Again, the pork-grower who buys bran from the miller, wonders at the remarkable feeding and fattening effect which this apparently woody and useless material has upon his animals. The surprise ceases, however, and the practice is encouraged, and extended to other creatures, when the researches of the laboratory explain to him what the food itself contains, and what his growing animal requires.

Economy as well as comfort follow from an exact acquaintance with the wants of our bodies in their several conditions, and with the composition of the various articles of diet which are at our command. In the present condition of the country, this economy has become a vital question. It is a kind of Christian duty in every one to practise it as far as his means and his knowledge enable him.

Perhaps the whole amount of the economy which would follow the use of the whole meal instead of fine flour, may not strike every one who reads the above observations. The saving arises from two sources.

First, The amount of husk, separated by the miller, from the wheat which he grinds, and which is not sold for human use, varies very much. I think we do not over-estimate it, when we consider it as forming one eighth of the whole. On this supposition, eight pounds of wheat yield seven of flour consumed by man, and one of pollard and bran which are given to animals—chiefly to poultry and pigs. If the whole meal be used, however, eight pounds of flour will be obtained, or eight people will be fed by the same weight of grain which only fed seven before.

Again, we have seen that the whole meal is more nutritious—so that this coarser flour will go farther than an equal weight of the fine. The numbers at which we arrived, from the results of analysis, show that, taking all the three sustaining elements of the food into consideration, the coarse is one-half more nutritive than the fine. Leaving a wide margin for the influence of circumstances, let us suppose it only one-eighth more nutritive, and we shall have now nine people nourished equally by the same weight of grain, which, when eaten as fine flour, would support only seven. *The wheat of the country, in other words, would in this form go one-fourth farther than at present.*

But some one may remark, if all this good is to come from the mere use of the bran, why not recommend it to be withheld from the pigs, and consume it by man in some way alone? This would involve no change in the practice of our millers, and little in the habits and bread of the great mass of the population.

But such a course, if possible, would not bring us to the economical end we wish to attain. Suppose it could be made palatable and eaten by man, little comparative saving would be effected.

First, Because, when eaten alone, the fine flour will not go so far as when mixed with a certain proportion of bran: that is to say,—a given weight of fine flour will produce an increased nutritive effect when mixed with the bran: greater than is due to the constituents of the bran when taken alone. The mixture of the two in reality increases the virtues of both. Again, if eaten alone, bran would prove too difficult, and therefore slow of digestion in most stomachs. Much would thus pass, unexhausted of its nutritive matter, through the alimentary canal, as whole oats often do through that of horses, and thus a considerable waste would ensue.

And further, supposing all to be dissolved in the stomach, there would still, of necessity be a waste of material, since the bran actually contains a larger proportion of bone material and saline matter compared with its other ingredients, than the body, in its natural healthy state, can make use of. All this excess must, therefore, be rejected by the body, and, as a nutritive matter, for the time be wasted.

Lastly, it is doubtful if bran alone contain enough of starch, or of any substitute for it, to meet the other demands of the human system. I have not spoken of the use of the starch of the grain in the preceding observations, because, as both whole meal and fine flour contain a sufficient quantity of it to supply the wants of the living animal, it was unnecessary to the main object of this paper. But with bran the case is different. It is doubtful if the purposes of the starch could be fully, and with sufficient speed, fulfilled by the ingredients which, in the bran, take the place of starch in the flour. The cellular fibre or woody matter, of which it contains a considerable proportion, is too slowly soluble in the stomachs of ordinary men. While, therefore, much of it would pass through the body undigested, it would require to be eaten in far larger proportions than its composition indicates, if the body was to be supported, and thus a further waste would be incurred.

On the whole, therefore, we come back to the whole meal, as the most eco-

nomical as well as the most nutritive and wholesome form in which the grain of wheat can be consumed. The Deity has done far better for us, by the natural mixtures to be found in the whole seed, than we can do for ourselves. The materials, both in form and in proportion, are adjusted in each seed, as wheat, in a way more suitable to us than any which, with our present knowledge, we appear able to devise.

A word to our Scottish readers, before we conclude. We do not recommend to you even the whole meal of wheat as a substitute for your oatmeal or oatmeal-cake. The oat is more nutritive even than the whole grain of wheat, taken weight for weight. For the growing boy, for the hard-working man, and for the portly matron, oatmeal contains the most hearty nourishment. This it owes in part to its peculiar chemical composition, and in part to its being, as it is used in Scotland, a kind of whole meal. The finely sifted oatmeal of Yorkshire and Lancashire is not so agreeable to the Scottish taste, and, I believe, is not so nutritious, as the rounder and coarser meal of the more northern counties.

While, therefore, the whole meal of wheat is superior to the fine flour, in economy, in nutritive power, and in wholesomeness, and therefore should be preferred by those who must live upon wheat,—in all these respects the oat has still the advantage, and therefore ought religiously to be adhered to. You owe it to the experience of your forefathers, for a thousand years, not to forsake it.

LETTERS ON THE TRUTHS CONTAINED IN POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS.

VI.—RELIGIOUS DELUSIONS: THE POSSESSED: WITCHCRAFT.

Dear Archy,—The subjects about which I propose writing to you to-day are, delusions of a religious nature;—the idea of being possessed,—the grounds of the belief in witchcraft. With so much before me, I have no room to waste. So, of the first, first.

The powerful hold which the feeling of religion takes on our nature, at once asserts the truth of the sentiment, and warns us to be on our guard against fanatical excesses. No subject can safely be permitted to have exclusive possession of our thoughts, least of all the most absorbing and exciting of any.

"So—it will make us mad."

It is evident that, with the majority, Providence has designed that worldly cares should largely and wholesomely employ the mind, and prevent inordinate craving after an indulgence in spiritual stimulation; while minds of the highest order are diverted, by the active duties of philanthropy, from any perilous excess of religious contemplation.

Under the influence of constant and concentrated religious thought, not only is the reason liable to give way—which is not our theme—but, alternatively, the nervous system is apt to fall into many a form of trance, the phenomena of which are mistaken by the ignorant for Divine visitation. The weakest frame sinks into an insensibility profound as death, in which he has visions of heaven and the angels. Another lies, in half waking trance, rapt in celestial contemplation and beatitude; others are suddenly fixed in cataleptic rigidity; others, again, are dashed upon the ground in convulsions.

The impressive effect of these seizures is heightened by their supervention in the midst of religious exercise, and by the contagious and sympathetic influence through which their spread is accelerated among the more excitable temperaments and weaker members of large congregations. What chance have ignorant people, witnessing such attacks, or being themselves the subjects of them, of escaping the persuasion that they mark the immediate agency of the Holy Spirit? Or, to take ordinarily informed and sober-minded people,—what would they think at seeing mixed up with this hysteric disturbance, distinct proofs of extraordinary preceptive and anticipatory powers, such as occasionally manifest themselves as parts of trance, to the rational explanation of which they might not have the key?

In the preceding letter, I have already exemplified, by the case of Henry Engelbrecht, the occurrence of visions of hell and heaven during the deepest state of trance. No doubt the poor ascetic implicitly believed his whole life the reality of the scenes to which his imagination had transported him.

In a letter from the Earl of Shrewsbury to Ambrose Mark Philips, Esq., published in 1841, a very interesting account is given of two young women who had lain for months or years in a state of religious beatitude. The condition, when they were exhibited, appears to have been that of half-waking in trance; or, perhaps, a shade nearer the lightest form of trance-sleep. To increase the force of the scene, they appear to have exhibited some degree of trance perceptive power. But without this, the mere aspect of such persons is wonderfully imposing. If the pure spirit of Christianity finds a bright comment and illustration in the Madonnas and Cherubim of Raffaele, it seems to shine out in still more truthful vividness from the brow of a young person rapt in religious ecstasy. The hands clasped in prayer,—the upturned eyes,—the expression of humble confidence and seraphic hope, (displayed, let me suggest, on a beautiful face,) constitute a picture of which, having witnessed it, I can never forget the force. Yet I knew it was only a trance. So one knows that village churches are built by common mechanics. Yet when we look over an extensive country, and see the spire from its clump of trees rising over each hamlet, or over the distant city its minster tower,—the images find an approving harmony in our feelings, and seem to aid in establishing the genuineness and the truth of the sentiment and the faith which have reared such expressive symbols.

In the two cases mentioned in Lord Shrewsbury's pamphlet, it is however, painful to observe that trick and artifice had been used to bend them to the service of Catholicism. The poor women bore on their hands and feet wounds, the supposed spontaneous eruption of delineations of the bleeding wounds of the crucifix, and, on the forehead, the bloody marks of the crown of thorns. To convict the imposture, the blood-stains from the wounds in the feet ran upwards towards the toes, to complete a fac-simile of the original, though the poor girls were lying on their backs. The wounds, it is to be hoped, are inflicted and kept fresh and active by means employed when the victims are in the insensibility to pain, which commonly goes with trance.

To comprehend the effects of religious excitement operating on masses, we may inspect three pictures,—the revivals of modern times—the fanatical delusions of the Covenants—the behaviour of the Convulsionnaires at the grave of the Abbe Paris.

"I have seen," says M. Le Roi Sunderland, himself a preacher, [Zion's Watchman, New York, Oct 2, 1842.] "persons often 'lose their strength,' as it is called, at camp-meetings, and other places of great religious excitement; and not pious people alone, but those also who were not professors of religion.

In the spring of 1824, while performing pastoral labour in Dennis, Massachusetts, I saw more than twenty people affected in this way. Two young men, of the name of Crowell, came one day to a prayer meeting. They were quite indifferent. I conversed with them freely, but they showed no signs of penitence. From the meeting they went to their shop, (they were shoemakers,) to finish some work before going to the meeting in the evening. On seating themselves they were both struck perfectly stiff. I was immediately sent for, and found them sitting paralysed [he means cataleptic] on their benches, with their work in their hands, unable to get up, or to move at all. I have seen scores of persons affected the same way. I have seen persons lie in this state forty-eight hours. At such times they are unable to converse, and are sometimes unconscious of what is passing round them. At the same time they say they are in a happy state of mind."

These persons, it is evident, were thrown into one of the forms of trance through their minds being powerfully worked upon; with which cause the influence of mutual sympathy with what they saw around them, and perhaps some physical agency, co-operated.

The following extract from the same journal portrays another kind of nervous seizure, allied to the former, and produced by the same cause, as it was manifested at the great revival, some forty years ago, in Kentucky and Tennessee.

"The convulsions were commonly called 'the jerks.' A writer, (McNeman), quoted by Mr. Power, (Essay on the Influence of the Imagination over the Nervous System,) gives this account of their course and progress:—

"At first appearance these meetings exhibited nothing to the spectator but a scene of confusion, that could scarcely be put into language. They were generally opened with a sermon, near the close of which there would be an unusual outcry, some bursting out into loud ejaculations of prayer, &c.

"The rolling exercise consisted in being cast down in a violent manner, doubled with the head and feet together, or stretched in a prostrate manner, turning swiftly over like a dog.

Nothing in nature could better represent the jerks, than for one to goad another alternately on every side with a piece of red hot iron. The exercise commonly began in the head, which would fly backwards and forwards, and from side to side, with a quick jolt, which the person would naturally labour to suppress, but in vain. He must necessarily go on as he was stimulated, whether with a violent dash on the ground, and bounce from place to place, like a foot-ball; or hopping round with head, limbs, and trunk, twitching and jolting in every direction, as if they must inevitably fly asunder, &c."

The following sketch is from *Dove's Journal*. "In the year 1805 he preached at Knoxville, Tennessee, before the governor, when some hundred and fifty persons, among whom were a number of Quakers, had the jerks."

"I have seen all denominations of religions exercised by the jerks, gentleman and lady, black and white, young and old, without exception. I passed a meeting-house, where I observed the undergrowth had been cut away for camp meetings, and from fifty to a hundred saplings were left, breast high, on purpose for the people who were jerked to hold by. I observed where they had held on, they had kicked up the earth, as a horse stamping flies."

Every one has heard of the extraordinary scenes which took place in the Cevennes at the close of the seventeenth century.

It was towards the end of the year 1688 a report was first heard, of a gift of prophecy which had shown itself among the persecuted followers of the Reformation, who, in the south of France, had betaken themselves to the mountains. The first instance was said to have occurred in the family of a glass-dealer, of the name of Du Serre, well known as the most zealous Calvinist of the neighbourhood, which was a solitary spot in Dauphine, near Mount Peyra. In the enlarging circle of enthusiasts, Gabriel Astier and Isabella Vincent made themselves first conspicuous (Isabella, a girl of sixteen years of age, from Dauphine, who was in the service of a peasant, and tended sheep, began in her sleep to preach and prophesy, and the Reformers came from far and near to hear her.

An advocate, of the name of Gerlan, describes the following scene which he had witnessed. At his request she had admitted him, and a good many others, after nightfall, to a meeting at a chateau in the neighbourhood. She there disposed herself upon a bed, shut her eyes, and went to sleep; in her sleep she chanted in a low tone the Commandments and a psalm; after a short respite she began to preach in a louder voice, not in her own dialect, but in good French, which hitherto she had not used. The theme was an exhortation to obey God rather than man. Sometimes she spoke so quickly as to be hardly intelligible. At certain of her pauses, she stopped to collect herself. She accompanied her words with gesticulations. Gerlan found her pulse quiet, her arm not rigid, but relaxed, as natural. After an interval, her countenance put on a mocking expression, and she began anew her exhortation, which was now mixed with ironical reflections upon the Church of Rome. She then suddenly stopped, continuing asleep. It was in vain they stirred her. When her arms were lifted and let go, they dropped unconsciously. As several now went away, whom her silence rendered impatient, she said in a low tone, but just as if she was awake, "Why do you go away? Why do not you wait till I am ready?" And then she delivered another ironical discourse against the Catholic Church, which she closed with a prayer.

When Boucha, the intendant of the district, heard of the performances of Isabella Vincent, he had her brought before him. She replied to his interrogatories, that people had often told her that she preached in her sleep, but that she did not herself believe a word of it. As the slightness of her person made her appear younger than she really was, the intendant merely sent her to an hospital at Grenoble, where, notwithstanding that she was visited by persons of the Reformed persuasion, there was an end of her preaching,—she became a Catholic!

Gabriel Astier, who had been a young labourer, likewise from Dauphine, went in the capacity of a preacher and prophet into the valley of Bressac, in the Vivarais. He had infected his family: his father, mother, elder brother, and sweetheart, followed his example, and took to prophesying. Gabriel, before he preached, used to fall into a kind of stupor in which he lay rigid. After delivering his sermon, he would dismiss his auditors with a kiss, and the words: "My brother, or my sister, I impart to you the Holy Ghost." Many believed that they had thus received the Holy Ghost from Astier, being taken with the same seizure. During the period of the discourse, first one, then another, would fall down; some described themselves afterwards as having felt first a weakness and trembling through the whole frame, and an impulse to yawn and stretch their arms, then they fell convulsed and foaming at the mouth. Others carried the contagion home with them, and first experienced its effects, days, weeks, months afterwards. They believed—nor is it wonderful they did so—that they received the Holy Ghost.

Not less curious were the seizures of the Convulsionnaires: at the grave of

the Abbe Paris, in the year 1727. These Jansenist visionaries used to collect in the church-yard of St. Medard, round the grave of the deposed and deceased Deacon, and before long the reputation of the place for working miracles getting about, they fell in troops into convulsions.

Their state had more analogy to that of the Jerkers already described. But it was different. They required, to gratify an internal impulse or feeling, that the most violent blows should be inflicted upon them at the pit of the stomach. Carro de Montgeron mentions, that being himself an enthusiast in the matter he had inflicted the blows required with an iron instrument, weighing from twenty to thirty pounds, with a round head. And as a convulsionary lady complained that he struck too lightly to relieve the feeling of depression at her stomach, he gave her sixty blows with all his force. It would not do, and she begged to have the instrument used by a tall, strong man, who stood by in the crowd. The spasmodic tension of her muscles must have been enormous; for she received one hundred blows, delivered with such force that the wall shook behind her. She thanked the man for his benevolent aid, and contemptuously censured De Montgeron for his weakness, or want of faith and timidity. It was, indeed, time for issuing the mandate, which, as wit read it, ran:

"De par le roi—Defense a Dieu,

De faire miracle en ce lieu."

Turn we now to another subject:—the possessed in the middle ages.—What was their physiological condition? What was really meant then by being possessed? I mean, what were the symptoms of the affection, and how are they properly to be explained? The inquiry will throw further light upon the true relations of other phenomena we have already looked at.

We have seen that Swedenborg thought that he was in constant communication with the spiritual world; but felt convinced, and avowed that though he saw his visitants without and around him, they reached him first inwardly, and communicated with his understanding; and thence, consciously, and outwardly, with his senses. But it would be a misapplication of the term to say that he was possessed by these spirits.

We remember that Socrates had his demon; and it should be mentioned as a prominent feature in visions generally, that their subject soon identifies one particular imaginary being as his guide and informant, to whom he applies for what knowledge he wishes. In the most exalted states of trance-walking, the guide or demon is continually referred to with profound respect by the entranced person. Now, was Socrates, and are patients of the class I have alluded to, possessed? No! the meaning of the term is evidently not yet hit.

Then there are persons who permanently fancy themselves other beings than they are, and act as such.

In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, there prevailed in parts of Europe a seizure which was called the wolf sickness. Those affected with it held themselves to be wild beasts, and betook themselves to the forests. One of these, who was brought before De Lancre, at Bordeaux, in the beginning of the sixteenth century, was a young man of Besangon. He avowed himself to be huntsman of the forest lord, his invisible master. He believed, that through the power of his master, he had been transformed into a wolf; that he hunted in the forest as such, and that he was often accompanied by a bigger wolf, whom he suspected to be the master he served—with more details of the same kind. The persons thus affected were called Wehrwolves. They enjoyed in those days the alternative of being exorcised or executed.

Arnold relates in his history of church and of heresy, how there was a young man in Konigsberg, well educated, the natural son of a priest, who had the impression, that he was met near a crucifix in the wayside by seven angels, who revealed to him that he was to represent God the Father on earth, to drive all evil out of the world, &c. The poor fellow, after pondering on this impression a long time, issued a circular commencing thus,—

"We, John Allbrecht, Adelgreif, Syrdos, Amata, Kanemata, Kilkis, Mataldis, Schmalkilmundis, Sabrundis, Elioris, Overarch High-priest, and Emperor, Prince of Peace of the whole world, Overarch King of the Holy Kingdom of Heaven, Judge of the living and of the dead, God and Father, in whose divinity Christ will come on the last day to judge the world, Lord of all Lords, King of all Kings," &c.

He was thereupon thrown into prison at Konigsberg, regarded as a most frightful heretic, and every means were used by the clergy to reclaim him. To all their entreaties, however, he listened only with a smile of pity, "that they should think of reclaiming God the Father." He was then put to the torture; and as what he endured made no alteration in his convictions, he was condemned to have his tongue torn out with red-hot tongs, to be cut in four quarters, and then burned under the gallows. He wept bitterly, not at his own fate, but that they should pronounce such a sentence on the Deity. The executioner was touched with pity, and entreated him to make a final recantation. But he persisted that he was God the Father, whether they pulled his tongue out by the roots or not; and so he was executed!

The Wehrwolves, and this poor creature, in what state were they? they were merely insane. Then we must look further.

Gmelin, in the first volume of his Contributions to Anthropology, narrates, that in the year 1789, a German lady, under his observation, had daily paroxysms, in which she believed herself to be, and acted the part of a French emigrant. She had been in distress of mind through the absence of a person she was attached to, and he was somehow implicated in the scenes of the French revolution. After an attack of fever and delirium, the complaint regulated itself, and took the form of a daily fit of trance-waking. When the time for the fit approached, she stopped in her conversation, and ceased to answer when spoken to; she then remained a few minutes sitting perfectly still, her eyes fixed on the carpet before her. Then, in evident uneasiness, she began to move her head backwards and forwards, to sigh, and to pass her fingers across her eyebrows. This lasted a minute, then she raised her eyes, looked once or twice around with timidity and embarrassment, then began to talk in French; when she would describe all the particulars of her escape from France, and, assuming the manner of a French woman, talk purer and better accented French than she had been known to be capable of talking before, correct her friends when they spoke incorrectly, but delicately and with a comment on the German rudeness of laughing at the bad pronunciation of strangers; and if led herself to speak or read German, she used a French accent, and spoke it ill; and the like.

Now, suppose this lady, instead of thus acting, when the paroxysms supervened, had cast herself on the ground, had uttered bad language and blasphemy, and had worn a sarcastic and malignant expression of countenance,—in striking contrast with her ordinary character and behaviour, and alternating with it,—and you have the picture and the reality of a person "possessed."

A person, "possessed," is one affected with the form of trance-waking called double consciousness, with the addition of being deranged when in the paroxysm, and then, out of the suggestions of her own fancy, or catching at the

interpretation put on her conduct by others, believing herself tenanted by the fiend.

We may quite allowably heighten the above picture by supposing that the person in her trance, in addition to being mad, might have displayed some of the perceptive powers occasionally developed in trance; and so have evinced, in addition to her demoniacal ferocity, an "uncanny" knowledge of things and persons. To be candid, Archy, time was, when I should myself have had my doubts in such a case.

We have by this time had intercourse enough with spirits and demons to prepare us for the final subject of witchcraft.

The superstition of witchcraft stretches back into remote antiquity, and has many roots.

In Europe it is partly of Druidical origin. The Druidesses were part priestesses, part shrewd old ladies who dealt in magic and medicine. They were called *ail-rune*, all knowing. There was some touch of classical superstition mingled in the stream which was flowing down to us;—so an edict of a council of Treves, in the year 1310, has this injunction: "Nulla mulierum se nocturnis horis equitare cum Diana propitiatur; hæc enim demoniaca est illusio."

But the main source from which we derived this superstition, is the East, and traditions and facts incorporated in our religion. There were only wanted the ferment of thought of the fifteenth century, the vigour, energy, ignorance, enthusiasm, and faith of those days, and the papal denunciation of witchcraft by the famous Bull of Innocent the VIII. in 1459, to give fury to the delusion. And from this time for three centuries, the flames, at which more than 100,000 victims perished, cast a lurid light over Europe.

One ceases to wonder at this ugly stain in the page of history, when one considers all things fairly.

The Enemy of mankind, bodily, with horns, hoofs, and tail, was believed to lurk round every corner, bent upon your spiritual, if not bodily harm. The witch and the sorcerer were not possessed by him against their will, but went out of their way to solicit his alliance, and to offer to forward his views for their own advantage, or to gratify their malignity. The cruel punishments for a crime so monstrous were mild, compared with the practice of our own penal code for sixty years ago against second class offences. And for the startling bigotry of the judges, which appears the most discreditable part of the matter, why, how could they alone be free from the prejudices of their age? Yet they did strange things.

At Lindheim, Horst reports, on one occasion six women were implicated in a charge of having disinterred the body of a child to make a witchbroth. As they happened to be innocent of the deed, they underwent the most cruel tortures before they would confess it. At length they saw their cheapest bargain was to admit the crime, and be simply burned alive and have it over. So they did so. But the husband of one of them procured an official examination of the grave; when the child's body was found in the coffin safe and sound. What said the Inquisitor? "This is indeed a proper piece of devil's work; no, no, I am not to be taken in by such a gross and obvious imposture. Luckily the women have already confessed the crime, and burned they must and shall be in honour of the Holy Trinity, which has commanded the extirpation of sorcerers and witches."

The six women were burned alive accordingly.

It was hard upon them, because they were innocent. But the regular witches, as times went, hardly deserved any better fate—considering, I mean, their honest and straight-forward intentions of doing that which they believed to be the most desperate wrong achievable. Many there were who sought to be initiated in the black art. They were re-baptized with the support of responsible witch sponsors, abjured Christ, and entered to the best of their belief into a compact with the devil; and forthwith commenced a course of bad works, poisoning and bewitching men and cattle, and the like, or trying to do so.

One feature transpired in these details, that is merely pathetic, not horrifying or disgusting.

The little children of course talked witchcraft, and you may fancy, Archy, what charming gossip it must have made. Then the poor little things were sadly wrought on by the tales they told. And they fell into trances and had visions shaped by their heated fancies.

A little maid, of twelve years of age, used to fall into fits of sleep, and afterwards she told her parents, and the judge, how an old woman and her daughter, riding on a broom-stick, had come and taken her out with them. The daughter sat foremost, the old woman behind, the little maid between them. They went away through the roof of the house, over the adjoining houses and the town gate, to a village some way off. There they went down a chimney of a cottage into a room, where sat a tall black man and twelve women. They eat and drank. The black man filled their glasses from a can, and gave each of the women a handful of gold. She herself had received none; but she had eaten and drank with them.

A list of persons buried in Salzburg for participation in witchcraft between the years 1627 and 1629 in an outbreak of this frenzy, which had its origin in an epidemic among the cattle, enumerates children of 13, 12, 11, 10, 9, years of age; which in some degree reconciles one to the fate of fourteen canons, four gentlemen of the choir, two young men of rank, a fat old lady of rank, the wife of a burgomaster, a counsellor, the fattest burgess of Wartzburg, together with his wife, the handsomest woman in the city, and a midwife of the name of Schiekette, with whom (according to an N. B. in the original report) the whole mischief originated. To amateurs of executions in those days the fatness of the victim was evidently a point of consideration, as is shown by the specifications of that quality in some of the victims in the above list. Were men devils then? By no means; there existed then as now upon earth, worth, honour, truth, benevolence, gentleness. But there were other ingredients, too, from which the times are not yet purged. A century ago people did not know—do they now!—that vindictive punishment is crime; that the only allowable purpose of punishment is to prevent the recurrence of the offence; and the restraint, insolation, employment, instruction, are the extreme and only means towards that end which reason and humanity justify. Alas, for human nature! Some centuries hence, the first half of the nineteenth century will be charged with having manifested no admission of principle in advance of a period, the judicial crimes of which make the heart shudder. The old lady witches had, of course, much livelier ideas than the innocent children, on the subject of their intercourse with the devils.

At Mora, in Sweden, in 1669, of many who were put to the torture and executed, seventy-two women agreed in the following avowal, that they were in the habit of meeting at a place called Bloclua. That on their calling out "Come forth!" the Devil used to appear to them in a gray coat, red breeches, gray stockings, with a red beard, and a peaked hat with partly-coloured feathers on his head. He then enforced upon them, not without blows, that they

must bring him, at nights, their own and other peoples' children, stolen for the purpose. They travel through the air to Bloclua either on Beasts or on spits, or broom-sticks. When they have many children with them, they rig on an additional spar to lengthen the back of the goat or their broom-stick that the children may have room to sit. At Bloclua they sign their name in blood and are baptized. The Devil is a humorous, pleasant gentleman; but his table is coarse enough, which makes the children often sick on their way home, the product being the so called witch-butter found in the fields. When the Devil is larky, he solicits the witches to dance round him on their brooms, which he suddenly pulls from under them, and uses to beat them with till they are black and blue. He laughs at this joke till his sides shake again. Sometimes he is in a more gracious mood, and plays to them lovely airs upon the harp; and occasionally sons and daughters are born to the Devil, which take up their residence at Bloclua.

I will add an outline of the history, furnished or corroborated by her voluntary confession, of a lady witch, nearly the last executed for this crime. She was, at the time of her death, seventy years of age, and had been many years sub-prioress of the convent of Unterzell, near Wartzburg.

Maria Renata took the veil at nineteen years of age, against her inclination, having previously been initiated in the mysteries of witchcraft, which she continued to practise for fifty years under the cloak of punctual attendance to discipline and pretended piety. She was long in the station of sub-prioress, and would, for her capacity, have been promoted to the rank of prioress, had she not betrayed a certain discontent with the ecclesiastical life, a certain contrariety to her superiors something half expressed only of inward dissatisfaction. Renata had not ventured to let any one about the convent into her confidence, and she remained free from suspicion, notwithstanding that, from time to time, some of the nuns, either from the herbs she mixed with their food, or through sympathy, had strange seizures, of which some died. Renata became at length extravagant and ungoverned in her witch propensities, partly from long security, partly from long desire of stronger excitement; made noises in the dormitory, and uttered shrieks in the garden; went at nights into the cells of the nuns to pinch and torment them, to assist her in which she kept a considerable supply of cats. The removal of the keys of the cells counteracted this annoyance; but a still more efficient means was a determined blow on the part of a nun, struck at the aggressor with the penitential scourge one night, on the morning following which Renata was observed to have a black eye and a cut face. This event awakened suspicion against Renata. Then, one of the nuns, who was much esteemed, declared, believing herself upon her death bed, that, "as she shortly expected to stand before her maker, Renata was uncanny, that she had often at nights been visibly tormented by her, and that she warned her to desist from this course." General alarm arose, and apprehension of Renata's arts; and one of the nuns, who previously had had fits, now became possessed, and in the paroxysms told the wildest tales against Renata. It is only wonderful how the sub-prioress contrived to keep her ground many years against these suspicions and incriminations. She adroitly put aside the insinuations of the nun as imaginary or of calumnious intention, and treated witchcraft and possession of the Devil as things which enlightened people no longer believed in. As, however, five more of the nuns, either taking the infection from the first, or influenced by the arts of Renata, became possessed of devils, and unanimously attacked Renata, the superiors could no longer avoid making a serious investigation of the charges. Renata was confined in a cell alone, whereupon the six devils screeched in chorus at being deprived of their friend. She had begged to be allowed to take her papers with her; but this being refused, and thinking herself detected, she at once avowed to her confessor and the superiors, that she was a witch, had learned witchcraft out of the convent, and had bewitched the six nuns. They determined to keep the matter secret, and to attempt the conversion of Renata. And as the nuns still continued possessed, they despatched her to a remote convent. Here, under a show of outward piety, she still went on with her attempts to realise witchcraft, and the nuns remained possessed. It was decided at length to give Renata over to the civil power. She was accordingly condemned to be burned alive; but in mitigation of punishment her head was first struck off. Four of the possessed nuns gradually recovered with clerical assistance; the other two remained deranged. Renata was executed on the 21st January, 1749.

Renata stated, in her voluntary confession, that she had often at night been carried bodily to witch-Sabbaths; in one of which she was first presented to the Prince of Darkness, when she abjured God and the Virgin at the same time. Her name, with the alteration of Maria into Emma, was written in a black book, and she herself was stamped on the back as the Devil's property, in return for which she received the promise of seventy years of life, and all she might wish for. She stated that she had often, at night, gone into the cellar of the chateau and drank the best wine; in the shape of a swine had walked on the convent walls; on the bridge had milked the cows as they passed over; and several times had mingled with the actors in the theatre in London.

A question unavoidably presents itself—How came witchcraft to be in so great a degree the province of women? There existed sorcerers, no doubt, but they were comparatively few. Persons of either sex and of all ages indiscriminately interested themselves in the black art; but the professors and regular practitioners were almost exclusively women and principally old women. The following seem to have been some of the causes. Women were confined to household toils; their minds had no adequate occupation; many young unmarried women, without duties, would lack objects of sufficient interest for their yearnings; many of the old ones, despised, ill treated probably, soured with the world, rendered spiteful and vindictive, took even more readily to a resource which roused and gave employment to their imaginations, and promised to gratify their wishes. It is evident, too, that the supposed sex of the Devil helped him here. The old women had an idea of making much of him, and of coaxing, and getting round the black gentleman. But beside all this, there lies in the physical temperament of the other sex a peculiar susceptibility of derangement of the nervous system, a predisposition to all the varieties of trance, with its prolific sources of mental illusion—all tending, it is to be observed, to advance the belief and enlarge the pretensions of witchcraft.

The form of trance which specially dominated in witchcraft was trance-sleep with visions. The graduates and candidates in the faculty sought to fall into trances, in the dreams of which they realised their waking aspirations. They entertained no doubt, however, that their visits to the Devil and their nocturnal-exploits were genuine; and they seem to have wilfully shut their eyes to the possibility of their having never left their beds. For, with a skill that should have betrayed them the truth, they were used to prepare a witchbroth to promote in some way their nightly expeditions. And this they composed not only of materials calculated to prick on the imagination, but of sub-

stantial narcotics, too—the medical effects of which they no doubt were acquainted with. They contemplated evidently producing a sort of stupor.

The professors of witchcraft had thus made the singular step of artificially producing a sort of trance, with the object of availing themselves of one of its attendant phenomena. The Thamanis in Siberia do the like to this day to obtain the gift of prophecy. And it is more than probable that the Egyptian and Delphic priests habitually availed themselves of some analogous procedure. Modern Mesmerism is in part an effort in the same direction.

Without at all comprehending the real character of the power called into play, mankind seems to have found out by a "mera palpation," by instinctive experiment and lucky groping in the dark, that in the stupor of trance the mind occasionally stumbles upon odds and ends of strange knowledge and prescience. The phenomenon was never for an instant suspected of lying in the order of nature. It was constructed, to suit the occasion and the times, either into divine inspiration or diabolic whisperings. But it was always supernatural. So the ignorant old lemon-seller in Zschokke's *Selbstschau* thought his "hidden wisdom" a mystical wonder; while the enlightened and accomplished narrator of their united stories, stands alone, in striking advance ever of his own day, when he unassumingly and diffidently puts forward his seer-gift as a simple contribution to physical knowledge. And thus, my proposed task accomplished, my dear Archy, finally yours, &c.,

MAC DAVUS.

LEAVES FROM THE LIFE OF PRINCE TALLEYRAND. (Continued.)

It was impossible that two spirits such as Talleyrand and Mirabeau could move in the same political arena without being either allied by friendship or opposed by enmity. They maintained an intimate correspondence before the outbreak of the first violence of the Revolution. Mirabeau had been sent on a mission to Berlin—an appointment which he owed to the influence of Talleyrand. While there their correspondence was continued. Soon afterwards, obeying one of those inexplicable impulses, by which he was sometimes moved, and forgetful of the rights of friendship, and the common principles of honour, Mirabeau sold and published the private correspondence which took place between them during his residence at Berlin, which contained many secret anecdotes of that court, at the epoch of the death of Frederic the Great. As nothing could excuse or palliate so flagrant a breach of confidence; this step on the part of Mirabeau produced an immediate estrangement between them, and their friendship terminated for life. The emotion, the stupor, we may say: with which all Paris was struck when it became known that Mirabeau was sinking under a mortal malady, will be fresh in the recollection of every reader of European history.

Never was the existence of an individual more important to his country, than was that of Mirabeau at that juncture. He was the last stay of constitutional monarchy, the last hope of royalty, the last barrier between anarchy and order. At such a moment, and in such circumstances Talleyrand forgot all his resentments and forgave all his injuries, and went like all his resentments and forgave all his injuries, and went like all others who had the well-being of the nation at heart from hour to hour, to seek a glimmering of hope at the gate of the expiring statesman. Mirabeau, as his last moments approached, expressed a wish to see him. On the 1st of April, Talleyrand was conducted to the bedside of his dying friend, where an immediate reconciliation ensued. "One half of Paris," said Talleyrand, "waits in the agony of fear at your doors, trembling at the calamity they must sustain in your loss; I came there like all the rest, with my melancholy inquiries hourly, and bitterly regretted not being permitted to enter." He remained two hours alone engaged in earnest conversation with the dying Tribune, who was deeply touched with this revival of friendship at his last hour. All that passed on this solemn occasion will not be known until the day arrives at which those posthumous memoirs left Talleyrand can, under the conditions of his will, be published. But we know that Mirabeau placed in his hands the manuscript of his discourse on the law of succession in the direct line, in the composition of which he was surprised by the inexorable hand of death, and desired Talleyrand to read it in his name to the assembly.

In accordance with this request, the next day, a few hours after the death of Mirabeau, Talleyrand ascended the tribune of the Assembly to discharge this last duty. The emotion was universal, and intense, when he said—"Mirabeau is no more; I bring you his last work, and so inseparable were his thoughts and feelings from the good of his country that in listening to me reading this to you you may consider that you receive his last sigh."

When the importance of the measures which it brought into practical effect, and the various vested interests which were struck by them, are considered, it will not be surprising that the Assembly became the object of bitter attack, and that its proceedings were misrepresented, and its motives maligned. In fact, these assaults on the part of large and influential classes became so serious that it was at length deemed necessary to reply to them, and to vindicate the Assembly from the aspersions thus cast upon it.

It was therefore resolved to prepare and publish an "Address to the Nation," justifying all that the Assembly had done, and all that it desired to do. Talleyrand was charged with the composition of this important document, which was read by him to the Assembly twice, on the 10th and 11th February, 1790, amidst the most enthusiastic manifestations of admiration and applause.

This discourse has been ever regarded as a chef-d'œuvre of parliamentary style. Never were more generous sentiments clothed in more noble language. It was the most perfect expression of that fervent desire for the public good, that hopeful optimism, that unbounded confidence in the force of the human mind, and in the good instincts of human nature, which were conspicuous in all the proceedings of the constituent Assembly, and which sometimes exposed it to the commission of evil in the too impetuous and unreflecting pursuit of good.

In this address, after having explained and defended all the proceedings and the measures adopted by the Assembly, until February, 1790, the author says:—

"Behold our work, Frenchmen, or rather behold yours, for we are only your organs, and it is you that have enlightened, encouraged, and sustained us in our labour. And yet what has not been said, what has not been done to efface from your minds the impression of the great good that has been effected!"

"We are reproached with all that we have pulled down. True, but let it be remembered that it was our mission to re-construct. We are told that our proceedings have been precipitate. Precipitate! But who is ignorant that in order to be effectually delivered from abuses they must be attacked with promptitude?"

"Our meetings, it is said, have been tumultuous! Be it so; but what does that matter if our measures have been provident? Far be it from us to offer

the details of our debates for your admiration. More than once we have been ourselves afflicted by them, but we felt at the same time that it would be unjust not to make allowances for excesses.

"We are charged with aspiring to a chimerical degree of perfection; a reproach under which it is easy to perceive the desire to perpetuate abuses.

"It is impossible we are told, for a nation like France, old and corrupted, to be regenerated. We answer that it is the corrupted only that desire to perpetuate corrupting abuses, and that a nation recovers its youthful vigour when it resolves to be free.

"We have exceeded our powers!—The answer is obvious. We were charged to make a constitution. Does not the very nature of such a commission infer the plenitude of power?"

Then, presenting a view of the reforms which the constituent Assembly still intended to effect, but which hitherto it had not time to accomplish, the author closed his discourse by an eloquent appeal to the nation to maintain the public tranquillity, to aim at the preservation of concord, to respect the law, and the king, the constitutional guardian of the law, to practise generosity towards the party over whom the revolution had triumphed, and whose regret was natural and excusable:

"Courage, perseverance, generosity! Those virtues of liberty we ask you in the sacred name of liberty itself. Do not retard, do not dishonour the most noble work which has ever been recorded in the annals of a nation. As for us, pursuing steadily our laborious task, consecrating ourselves to the vast work of the Constitution—your work as much as ours—we will complete it, aided by all the lights of our age, and surmounting all the obstacles opposed to us. With consciences satisfied, with understandings convinced, happy in the happiness our work must confer on you, we will place in your hands the sacred deposit of the Constitution, under the safeguard of those new virtues which will spring up in your souls on the first day of your freedom. Raised to the rank of citizens, eligible to all offices, enlightened censors of the public administration, or taking, yourselves, an active part in that administration, sure that all is done by you, or for you, equal before the law, free to act, to speak, and to write, accountable for your thoughts only to good, moved by a common will, can any condition be more noble? Lives there a citizen really worthy of the name who would dare to turn his looks on the past, who would desire to raise again the wreck with which we are surrounded, or to reconstruct the ancient social edifice?"

When we consider, on the one hand, the terrible events which soon followed the promulgation of this address, and the flagrant contradiction which they gave to the high-sounding anticipations so eloquently there set forth, and on the undisputed sagacity and matchless foresight of its author, it is impossible not to admit a doubt that he really entertained that faith in his heart, and that conviction in his understanding, which are there expressed. Had he really those high hopes of national regeneration which he expressed with such fervid eloquence? or did he play the part of a mere advocate, pleading what seemed most for the advantage of that body in whose name he spoke, without any innate conviction of the reality or truth of what he uttered?

Without charging Talleyrand on this occasion with culpable hypocrisy or duplicity, and without derogating from his known penetration and foresight, it may be easily conceived that, in composing such an address, he may have had covertly, the purpose of making it serve as an exhortation to the nation as well as a defence of the Assembly. Indeed, it is not difficult to perceive in it a desire to awaken generous sympathies, oblivion of injuries, and love of order.

The prominent part which Talleyrand had now taken in the Assembly, rendered him extremely obnoxious with many parties holding various and opposing opinions, and actuated by different and conflicting interests. On that one side the whole body of the superior clergy and a large part of the inferior ecclesiastics, were furious against him as a renegade from their order, who had wrested from them their property, stripped them of their influence, degraded them from the independence of a separate branch of the state, placed them in subservience to the civil power, and subjected them to an offensive and inadmissible civil test. The animosity of this body was even pushed to projects of assassination. The secular aristocracy was not less hostile to him than the ecclesiastical. Of noble descent, he had, according to them, belied his ancestors by the part he had acted. A renegade aristocrat, he helped to pull down the body he had deserted.

On the other hand, the extreme radical party had now begun to rise into influence, and the elements of Jacobinism were fermenting. The majority of the constituent Assembly, of which Talleyrand had been one of the leaders, and since the death of Mirabeau, the chief leader, was split into sections, advocating different courses, and led by different orators. The populace outside had begun to make itself audible within, and powerfully influenced the deliberations. The future terrorists and Jacobins saw in Talleyrand nothing but a personage odious in every point of view—odious as a bishop—odious as an aristocrat by birth, and above all, odious by the moderation of his revolutionary doctrines.

Thus beset with hostility on every side—hated equally by the friends of monarchy and the partisans of revolution, it is but justice to admit that his consistency and perseverance in the same line of moderate constitutional reform indicate great moral courage, a lively faith in the rectitude of the course he followed, and a tenacity of purpose manifested in the face of proscription and persecution which ought to command respect.

The course of affairs soon produced an occasion by which that talent was elicited, the exercise of which was destined subsequently to surround the name of Talleyrand with so much renown, and to place him in the highest rank of diplomacy. Being elected under the legislative assembly as one of the Directors of the Department of the Seine, with Sieyès, the Duc de Rochefaucauld, and Rœderer as colleagues, he was charged with an important mission to London. The members of the Assembly being excluded from all executive functions, he could not be nominated to the office of Ambassador. The Girondist ministry, however, were so persuaded of the benefit of his talents in the mission, that they contrived to elude the difficulty by giving the title of Ambassador to M. de Chauvelin, a young man without abilities or importance, leaving the functions of the Legation to be discharged by M. Talleyrand. He accordingly left Paris on the 15th of January, 1792, specially accredited to the cabinet of St. James, to negotiate a national alliance, in contradistinction and opposition to the family alliances which the agents of the court had contracted with the houses of Austria and Bourbon.

The uncertain state of political affairs in France, and the violent disagreement between parties, left the English government little disposed to contract a close union with France.—But a strict neutrality in case of war, which, at the moment, was the policy of England, was not difficult to be obtained. In this, Talleyrand fully succeeded. The object of the Continental powers, at that

epoch, was to suppress the revolutionary movement in France, by the combined operation of their own armies and the navies of England. This object was frustrated by a declaration of neutrality, which Talleyrand procured from the Cabinet of St. James. Such was the negotiation by which this illustrious diplomat commenced his career, on the spot where, forty years afterwards, he succeeded in attaining the same object.

On the occasion of this visit to the British metropolis, he was, as might be expected, coldly received by the Tory party, who then had almost a monopoly of office. He was, however, cordially received by Fox and Sheridan, with whom he contracted a friendship, and left among the Whig party recollections which were revived, when, at the end of another half century, he was called on to fill the office of French Ambassador at London, and bring the two nations into that close alliance, which, in all the political changes which he witnessed, and in which he participated, had ever been a favorite object of his policy.

Having returned to Paris a short time before the 10th of August, he witnessed the catastrophe of that memorable day. This, and the terrible proceeding which immediately succeeded it, inspired him with the strongest desire to quit the scene of events which he could neither approve nor effectually oppose.—Being unable or unwilling to associate himself with the party of the emigration, of whom he had already incurred the hatred, he solicited of Danton, then a member of the provisional executive Council, a passport, to return to London, and to act there in a semi-official capacity, to prevent a rupture between England and the new government at Paris. Here although not charged with any real functions, yet, desiring to be useful to his country, at least by his counsels, if not by his acts, he addressed to it rules for its foreign policy, marked by most prudent and enlightened moderation. On the new republic he endeavored to impress the policy of showing itself disinterested in its triumphs. He shewed that the territory of France was sufficient for her greatness, and for the future development of her industry and wealth; that her interest as well as her honour was engaged, not to attempt acquisition by conquest; that every addition she might make to her actual territory would be a new source of danger to her, by raising against her a swarm of enemies, and a stain upon her glory, by belying the solemn declarations made by her at the commencement of the Revolution; and in fine, that her policy should be directed, not to the acquisition of territory, but to the emancipation of other nations.

Soon after these wise and moderate counsels were offered to France, the revolutionary fever, as is well known, attained its crisis, and wisdom was unheard in the tempest of passion which ensued. It was impossible that Great Britain could continue to stand neuter with the atrocities committed in Paris going on under her eyes. Equally obnoxious to the Tories of London and the Jacobins of Paris, Talleyrand was simultaneously the object of attack by both. Almost on the same day he was denounced by the party of Robespierre, in the one capital, and ordered by Mr. Pitt, in the other, to quit England in twenty-four hours. Europe was closed against him.

Accompanied by M. Beaumetz, another moderate member of the Constituent Assembly, he embarked for the United States, where during the convulsions of the Reign of Terror, the descendant of the Perigords, the ex-bishop, the ex-constituent, the ex-diplomatist, occupied himself in mercantile affairs, and augmented the resources which remained to him, by speculating in sugar and cotton.

After the fall of Robespierre, he addressed a petition to the Convention, to demand that his name should be erased from the list of emigrants, on the ground that he had never in fact emigrated, having been sent officially to England, and been prevented from returning by the violent and unjust proceedings of the Terrorists. A long delay having ensued in the arrival of the answer to this petition, he resolved on making a commercial voyage to India, and with that view had freighted a ship, and was in the act of embarking, when he received a despatch which informed him of his recall to his native country. The Convention, having recovered from the fever of violence which was at its height under Robespierre, and returned to sentiments of moderation and justice, had been urged by Chenier, at the instance of Madame de Stael, to recall Talleyrand.

"I claim from you Talleyrand," said Chenier. "I ask him for the sake of the numerous services rendered by him to the cause of the Revolution; I demand him in the name of national equity. I demand him in the name of the Republic, which he can serve by his talents."

"He is not an emigrant," added Boissy d'Anglas: "if he had returned to France after the decree against him, he would inevitably have been sacrificed, and you would have had the loss of one more man of genius to lament. Since you would have given your tears to his memory, why should you not be just to himself and to his talents, which may be rendered so useful to the Republic. I move that the decree for his recall be put to the vote."

The resolution was carried by acclamation on the 4th of September, 1795, accompanied by the most flattering compliments to the illustrious Exile.

The National Institute had just been founded at this period, in accordance with the great plan of public instruction which Talleyrand had prepared, and which we have already alluded to. Without waiting for his return to France, that distinguished body elected him one of its members. This was an appropriate and acceptable homage to him whose conception it realized, and who had given it its name. Called to the section of moral and political sciences, he took his seat there on his return to France, and soon after accepted the office of secretary to it. He read at a later period at its meetings two memoirs, the first upon the commercial relations between the United States and Great Britain. This essay presented the result of his observations, during his residence in America, on the political and social condition of that country. The second was upon the advantages of establishing French colonies in lieu of those which the nation lost in the Revolution. By means of these he proposed to open a new field of action for that large number of French citizens, in whom the Revolution created a yearning after adventurous projects, and in whom it had raised hopes still unsatisfied.

Literary success, however, was with Talleyrand a secondary object. He regarded it merely as means towards an end. His views were directed towards public affairs, in which it may well be believed that he was conscious of his high capacity.

On returning to Europe, thinking that matters were not yet ripe for him in Paris, he established himself in Hamburg, whence he might observe the progress of events. It was there he became acquainted with Mrs. Grant, a lady of great personal beauty, whom at a later period, when at the epoch of the Concordat he succeeded in persuading Pope Pius VII, to restore him by a brief to the secular state, he married.

He remained in Hamburg until the constitution of the third year of the Republic was established. The Directory having then assumed their functions, he considered that circumstances had become sufficiently favourable to his views,

and accordingly came to Paris with the intention of accepting public office, which could not fail to be offered to him. His arrival in the capital after so long an absence, during which political events so momentous had occurred, produced a considerable sensation. Lively impressions of the part he had formerly played in the great revolutionary drama, still remained in the memories of those who survived, and amidst those scenes of pleasure and dissipation which succeeded the terrors of 1793-4, in that strange society which then figured in the salons of Paris, composed of such heterogeneous elements, he found no difficulty in resuming that eminent position due to his talents, and in turning to the profit of his ambition, the reputation of his name, the charms of his wit, and the polish of his manners.

He soon established a connexion with Barras, and was assiduous in his devotions to Madame Tallien, Madame de Stael, and Madame Beauharnais, whose salons were then the focus of all the genius and distinction of Paris. At the house of the last he formed the acquaintance of Bonaparte before his departure to assume the command of the army of Italy, and when he had not yet invested his name with that renown which the Italian campaign conferred upon it.

The ambition of Talleyrand for office did not remain long ungratified. Proposed more than once by Barras, for the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, his appointment was opposed by Carnot, whose extreme democratic principles were not in harmony with the moderation of the aspirant. When, however, the proscription of Carnot and Barthelemy had been resolved on by the other Directors, Talleyrand was called to replace Delacroix in the department of Foreign Affairs.

This occurred in the latter part of July, 1797, and about a month before the coup d'etat of the 18th Fructidor, in which the minister took an active part, co-operating with the majority of the Directory, not only against their own minority, but against the majority of the legislative body. This proceeding led to an intimate correspondence between Talleyrand and Bonaparte, whose victories at that moment engrossed the public attention and attracted universal admiration. The foreign minister was too far-sighted not to foresee the approaching fall of the government under which he served, nor did his sagacity fail to recognize in the victories of Italy the harbingers of that great power, which was soon destined to leave such memorable traces in the annals of Europe.

Meanwhile it was an object of high importance to compel the old Powers of Europe to acknowledge the Revolution. This was accomplished by the only means which could attain it—the force of arms. Thrones being menaced, their possessors trembled and negotiated. Spain and Prussia entered into treaty with the revolutionary government at Basle and the King of Sardinia acknowledged it at Cherasqu, at the time Talleyrand took the portfolio of Foreign Affairs. This presented him with the first opportunity of carrying out in practice the views which he urged upon the government in 1792, that the mission of France was not conquest, but the emancipation of nations, and the consolidation of peace secured by the wide diffusion of constitutional liberty. In attempting to realise this theory, the Ligurian, Cisalpine, Helvetic, Roman, and Batavian Republics were successively established; the peace of Campo Formio was forced upon Austria; and the conferences of Rastadt and the negotiation of Lisle seemed to indicate the approaching resignation of all Europe to the results of the Revolution.

The military enthusiasm of which the French people were so signally susceptible, was kindled. The cold indifference required by the Theory of democracy could not be sustained. Faith in religion was destroyed; faith in principles had no living activity. Faith in something was required by the very constitution of human nature, and eminently demanded by the French nature. Talleyrand clearly saw that the issue would be personal faith. He recognized in the young conqueror, whose victories had already challenged comparison with those of Alexander, the object of the new worship. He saw in him all the conditions to ensure success and to promise eminence. Trained in the school of war which has given to the world so many illustrious men, he would gain the quickness of apprehension, that precision of view, and that promptitude of action which are necessary to govern a people, to negotiate with governments, to decide the fate of empires, and to gain that self-possession so interterrible emergencies. Accordingly when the victorious general returned to Paris, after having gained five pitched battles, destroyed four hostile armies, taken one hundred and fifty thousand prisoners, an hundred and seventy standards, and above six thousand cannon, forced the Italian government to submission, and signed a peace with the imperial house of Austria he became at once the centre of all hopes and the object of all admiration. He was saluted with the title of "hero," and an ovation was prepared for him at the Luxembourg, where he presented to the heads of the government, in the midst of the flags he had taken, and accompanied by the thunder of artillery, the treaty of Campo Formio. On the occasion of this solemnity, M. Talleyrand, as Minister of Foreign Affairs, presented him to the Directory, and did not scruple to predict his approaching destiny. "Far from fearing," said he, "what will be called his ambition, I am persuaded that the day is at hand when it will behave as to solicit it."

MEMOIR OF ZUMALACARREGUI, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE CARLIST ARMY.

(Continued.)

The next step was to settle the civil government of the province. The two leaders, after much consultation, selected five of the most eminent among the civilians who had adhered to the cause of Don Carlos to form the Junta or council of Navarre. A body of soldiery was attached to them for their especial protection, and they fixed their residence for the most part in the valley of the Baztan, to the north of Pampeluna. Notwithstanding their precarious position, and the purely moral nature of their authority, they were yet able to collect considerable sums by imposts or various kinds, and to lighten materially the cares of the commander-in-chief for the sustenance and clothing of his troops.

At the time when Zumalacarregui took command of the insurgent forces in Navarre, all the neighboring provinces were in possession of the Carlists. In Old Castile no less than twenty thousand volunteers had drawn together in a single body, under two of the most celebrated partizan leaders in the kingdom, Merino and Cuevillas.

In these three Biscayan provinces, there were an equal number of armed Royalists holding possession of the capital towns and most of the fortresses. So great was their confidence in their own strength, that though amply supplied with warlike stores, they refused the urgent request of the Navarrese commanders to furnish them with arms and ammunition—considering the support of a few hundred undisciplined peasants of no value to the cause.

It should be remarked that owing to circumstances which need not now be specified, Navarre was far behind the other provinces in military organization, though not, as the event proved, in the zeal and ardor of its inhabitants, and in addition to this, its capital city, Pampeluna was in the hands of the Queen's party.

At this juncture General Sarsfield, who had been appointed commander-in-chief of the army of the north, advanced with all his forces from Burgos to Logrono. This general, a descendant of the famous commander of the same name, who led the army of James I, in Ireland, was reputed to be the best infantry officer in Spain. He was generally believed to hold legitimate opinions, and it was said that nothing but pique at the neglect with which he was treated by Don Carlos, or his agents, induced him to send in his allegiance to the Queen.

His first movements seemed to countenance this suspicion; they were extremely dilatory and even incautious, as if designed to give the opposite party every opportunity to strengthen themselves. If such were really his intentions, they were utterly fruitless. At his approach the great mass of Castilian insurgents melted away like a snow drift in a shower, and dispersed to their homes without firing a shot.

The volunteers of Alava followed their example, and Sarsfield made his entry into their capital, Vittoria, renowned in the annals of Peninsular warfare where he found great quantities of military stores of all kinds; a small portion of which had been refused, only a few weeks before, to the solicitations of the Navarrese leaders, to whom they would have been a treasure beyond price.

While these momentous events were taking place around him, Zumalacarre-gui, who knew, that with his few armed and undisciplined followers, it would be worse than useless to throw himself into the contest, determined to make a movement upon the Ribera of Navarre. This is the name given to the southern portion of that province lying along the banks of the Ebro, and celebrated throughout Spain for its fertile fields, its savory fruits, and its delicious wines. Its towns are populous and wealthy, and the people were generally devoted to the Carlist cause.

Our hero hoped there to obtain a supply of arms and clothing for his men, and to secure some funds in the hands of the tax collectors—who, he had reason to believe, would submit with a good grace to the compulsion, which obliged them to deliver into his military chest, the contributions intended for the Queen's treasury. He set out accordingly on his march; his men, who understood the object of the movement, could not restrain their manifestations of delight.

Whatever may be the virtues of the Navarrese peasantry, sobriety is not among the number, and the good cheer that awaited them among the vineyards of the Ribera, inspired them with a gaiety which manifested itself in jests, in songs, and merriment of every description. But these joyous anticipations were doomed to a sudden disappointment.

On arriving at the town of Miranda, on the Arga, a message was received from the deputation of Biscay, entreating his aid in the defence of Bilbao, against the Christino army under Sarsfield. From the delay which had taken place in the delivery of the message, there could be little hope of reaching that place in time to be of use; nor, in any case could the Navarrese levies, in their present state of discipline, and equipment, render material assistance in the field.

This their commander well knew; but he was aware of the importance of retaining the confidence and good will of the Biscayan Carlists, whose co-operation was likely to be of the greatest value in the course of the long contest which he now plainly foresaw,—and who would naturally be offended by any appearance of indifference, at a crisis so momentous. He, therefore, instantly resolved to comply, so far as lay in his power, with their request for aid.

The great difficulty, however, would be with his men, who were not only to be balked in their expectations of enjoyment, but were many of them natives of the Ribera, and naturally anxious to pay a brief visit to their homes, so near at hand. Wholly unused as they were to the restraints of military law, it was to be feared that the sudden change of movement would be followed by numerous desertions, possibly by serious disturbances. The measure adopted by the commander for preventing these disastrous results, was a direct appeal to the patriotism and chivalry of his followers.

For this object, he drew up a brief address, to be read at the head of his troops, in which he informed them of the request of the deputation of Biscay for their assistance, and urged upon them the disgrace that would follow the refusal of such a prayer. They would be unworthy of their country—a country which had been called the classic land of fidelity: their parents, when they should learn it, would never again receive them under their roofs.

"Do not show me, Navarrese," continued the proclamation, "your naked bodies and your unshod feet. I see with grief the privations which you endure. But will they prevent you from conquering? I do not believe it. Bilbao is a wealthy city. There you will find what you so much need. The deputation promise it. Why then should we delay? Forward volunteers! for you well know, that he helps twice who helps quickly."

In this, and the few other of Zumalacarre-gui's addresses to his troops that have been preserved, there appears some resemblance to those with which Napoleon was accustomed to rouse the enthusiasm of his soldiers. The likeness assuredly did not result from any designed imitation, but must be ascribed to the similarity of circumstances and of character. In the present instance, the effect of the appeal was decisive.

The reading of the proclamation was followed by a universal shout from the men—"To Bilbao, to Bilbao!" Taking instant advantage of this state of feeling, the commander gave the order to march; and that night, on arriving at Villatuerta, twelve miles from Miranda, the captains of companies reported that not a man was missing from the ranks.

On the following evening, after a laborious march of thirty miles, they reached the village of Alsasua, situated at the foot of the Aralar range, which separates the provinces of Navarre and Guipuzcoa. Here they received intelligence of the entrance of Sarsfield into Bilbao, and the complete dispersion of the Biscayan army. Of the forty thousand men in the north of Spain, who, three weeks before, had been in arms in the cause of Charles V., there remained but a few wandering guerrilla parties in Old Castile and the Basque mountains, and the twelve hundred Navarrese under Zumalacarre-gui, one-half of whom had no better weapons than clubs and knives. Of the principal leaders, some had taken refuge in France, others headed the small detached bands which they had been able to keep together, and several came to join our hero, in whom the feeble hopes of the insurrection were now centred.

But to all appearance, in the estimation of friends as well as of foes, the civil war was at an end. The sudden and astounding change in the face of

affairs, which the last three weeks had brought about, was calculated to dismay the adherents of the legitimate cause, while it gave the utmost confidence and vigour to the councils of the Queen's Government. The people of Navarre especially, as slow to engage in an undertaking as they are to renounce it when once fairly embraced, began now to look upon the Carlist movement as a desperate one. If the immense bodies of well-armed and partially disciplined volunteers, who a month before had guarded their frontiers, had proved incapable of even awaiting the shock of regular troops, what could be expected of a few hundred untrained and half-naked recruits?

This reasoning was certainly natural enough; nor can they be blamed for not, at that period, taking into consideration the important fact, that the leader of those raw levies was Zumalacarre-gui. They had yet to witness the manner in which a great mind is able to rise superior to adverse circumstances, and gather strength from the very misfortunes by which weaker spirits would be overwhelmed. At this period the Carlist chieftain had his headquarters in the immense inn of Alsasua, a building large enough, it is said, to lodge a squadron and a half of cavalry. Here he assembled his chief officers, with the principal men of the vicinity, the junta of Navarre, and the deputations of the Biscayan provinces, and laid before them his plans and hopes for the prosecution of the war. "Let those among them," says General Zaratigui, "who are still alive, relate the scenes of which they were then witnesses, and say if Zumalacarre-gui did not raise himself to the highest pitch of greatness to which it is given to man to attain, and if by his foresight, his energy, and his inflexible resolution, he did not restore life to a cause, which all beside had regarded as lost."

The same writer dates from this period the powerful hold which Zumalacarre-gui acquired on the confidence and affection, not only of his troops, but also of the unarmed peasantry, to whom, as a stranger, he had been hitherto an object, if not of coldness, at least of indifference. But the great qualities which he now manifested, and, above all, the surprising change from dejection and despair to hope and resolution, which had been effected by his sole exertions, made a deep and universal impression. In the progress of events, this feeling of attachment was heightened almost to idolatry; and persons well qualified to pronounce an opinion have not hesitated to declare, that if, at a later stage of the contest, Don Carlos had publicly renounced his claims to the throne, the Navarrese and Biscayans would have continued to fight for the preservation of their fueros, or political privileges, so long as Zumalacarre-gui remained to lead them.

And here it may not be amiss to offer a brief description of the region which was the theatre of the following events, and to indicate the resources on which the Carlist Commander mainly relied for his success.

The ancient "kingdom of Navarre," as its inhabitants delight to call it, is one of the northern provinces of Spain, and separated by the Pyrenean chain from what was formerly the kingdom of French Navarre, and now forms the two departments of the Upper and Lower Pyrenees. On the east Navarre borders on Aragon, from which it is likewise parted by rugged mountain ranges; on the north-east and east it is bounded by the Biscayan provinces, and on the south the River Ebro divides it from Old Castile; a portion only of the Ribera of Navarre lying to the south of that river. The extreme length of the province from north to south is about eighty miles, and its breadth from east to west, about seventy. Its superficial area is estimated at nearly 2,500 square miles—not quite equal to that of Devonshire—and the population at 270,000. This, though not dense relatively to the whole extent of territory, is yet very great, if only the natural capabilities of the country are considered. Not less than three-fourths of its surface are occupied by mountain ridges, or by sterile upland heaths. The only portions susceptible of cultivation, are the rich plains of the Ribera on the south, and the valleys which lie embedded in the mountains.

Some of these are of considerable extent, like the great vale of Pampeluna in the centre of the province, and the valley of the Baztan in the north; others are mere glens, in which small hamlets and single cottages of herdsmen and cultivators are nestled in the windings of a mountain stream.

The three Basque Provinces, as they are called, (Provincias Vascongadas) namely, Biscay (Vizcaya), Guipuzcoa, and Alava, situated to the north and west of Navarre, are together about one-fifth larger than that kingdom, and their population is estimated at 330,000. The natural features of the country are similar in every respect to those of Navarre, except that the two first-named provinces border on the sea, and their inhabitants are consequently more addicted to commercial pursuits. The Basque seamen are esteemed the best in the Peninsula.

It will thus be seen, that the united area of the four provinces which withstood for five years the utmost efforts of a Government wielding all the resources of the Spanish monarchy, and assisted by the active cooperation of France and England, does not equal that of the single county of Yorkshire, while the total population did not much exceed that of Devonshire. The people who sustained this memorable defence, belong to a race remarkable on many accounts. They are supposed to be the direct descendants of the ancient Iberi, who held the whole of the Peninsula before the arrival of the Carthaginians. After the lapse of so many centuries, and the passage of so many waves of conquest and revolution, they still retain unchanged their primitive language, differing radically from all the other tongues of Europe, and many of their original customs and institutions.

Each province, before the adoption, or rather the forcible imposition, of the present constitution, although subject to the Spanish crown, was, so far as related to its internal government, an independent country, ruled by its own magistrates, according to its peculiar fueros or constitutional laws. When the King of Spain, under the former regime, is spoken of as an absolute monarch, it is only to be understood of the rest of the Peninsula, and not of Navarre and the three Basque provinces. In those his power was more limited than that of the Sovereign in these islands, and almost as much so as that of the King of Sweden in his Norwegian dominions. Each province had its general assembly (Junta or Cortes) of deputies, elected by the householders of every town, village, or hamlet, who met at intervals, and who alone had the right of enacting laws, imposing taxes, and levying troops. At the close of each session, a permanent deputation or commission was appointed to see that the enactments of the provincial parliament were carried into execution, and that none of their rights were infringed in the interval between the sessions. Each province had its own courts of judicature, from which there was no appeal, even to the king in council.

Many of what we esteem the most valuable civil rights of Englishmen, such, for example, as security from arrest except by process of law, have been possessed by the Navarrese and Biscayans from time immemorial. The natural fruits of this freedom are apparent in the contrast which this portion of the Peninsula presents to all the rest.

"A traveller," says a witness, who speaks from repeated personal observation, "entering the Basque Provinces by the Castilian frontier, is impressed by the great and sudden improvement visible in the appearance of the population, in their dress, in their agriculture, in their very beasts of burden; their cottages are neat and sometimes beautifully ornamented, and a general air of comfort pervades the country. Entering Navarre, on the side of Aragon, he is equally struck by indications of increased prosperity; and is agreeably surprised by the astonishing improvement in the roads, which are hardly passable till he reaches the frontier of Navarre, but are afterwards broad, smooth, and kept in the highest order."

"These are but the external symptoms of the real difference which prevails between the internal arrangements of the privileged provinces and those which have no especial rights. Taxation, for local purposes, is really applied, in the privileged states, to the objects for which it is nominally raised; no individual, or body of men, can there embezzle any portion of the public money, which is guarded with a jealous eye, and dispensed with a judicious hand."

All these free, beneficent, and time-honoured institutions, which have descended, if any credence may be given to the uniform evidence of tradition, from ages anterior to the Roman domination, were abolished at one stroke in 1836, when the Spanish Constitution was proclaimed as the supreme law of the whole country. It would be absurd to maintain that the rights accorded by that Constitution could be regarded by the people of the Provinces as any compensation for those of which they were deprived. Their magistrates are no longer elected by themselves, but appointed by the central government at Madrid; their law-suits must be carried before the royal tribunals, and subjected to the notorious chicanery, delay, and expense of Spanish courts; their industry is taxed and hampered to suit the interests of other provinces, whose deputies are more numerous and influential in the Cortes; the military conscription presses with intolerable weight on a people who have never before been subject to it. All these are disadvantages which would exist even had the Constitution been religiously maintained as first established. But the changes that have since taken place are well known; and they afford the best justification of the steadiness with which the Basques and Navarrese rejected the delusive offer of liberties extorted from a sovereign and guaranteed by a parchment, and adhered to the ancient and well-tryed liberties bequeathed to them by their forefathers, and guaranteed by their own stout hearts and sturdy arms.

"It is, indeed, remarkable, that ten years had not passed away after the abrogation of their fueros, before the people whose ancestors had compelled Philip III. to revoke his illegal commands, and had baffled the arts of Godoy when at the height of his power, found themselves at the mercy of a brutal soldier and an unscrupulous woman. And it is lamentable to reflect that it was mainly British gold and British valour which enabled that intriguing woman and her partizans to annihilate those ancient and sacred rights, which would have been a sure defence against such tyranny, and which Englishmen should have been the first to respect. Indeed, it can hardly be doubted that if the British nation had not been blinded to the true state of affairs in the north of Spain, at the period of our narrative, its sympathies would have taken a very different direction."

Such was the country, and such the people, upon whose unaided strength and support Zumalacarregui relied, in the contest on which he now entered, with a confidence that was justified by the event; and the sequel of this narrative will show the steady and rapid advances by which, under every disadvantage, he was able to raise himself and his force, within little more than a year, from an unknown partizan officer, at the head of a few hundred ill-clad and wretchedly armed peasants, to the renowned and dreaded Commander-in-Chief of a well appointed and well-disciplined army of eighteen thousand men.

THE POLITE ARTS, USEFUL AND PRACTICAL.

BY JOHN CARROLL BRENT.

No. IX.

I have expressed a sincere and mournful conviction and regret on account of the preference among the people for Portrait over Historical, Landscape and Fancy Painting; and whilst giving to the former branch its full merit and necessity, yet felt myself compelled to draw the comparison I did, and give utterance to the apprehensions I entertained of the bad effects upon popular taste.

In the "Gems of European Art," already quoted, I find the following pertinent and just remarks, which alike reflect upon a corrupt public taste, and exhibit the languishing state of the high branches of Art in rich and aristocratic England. The writer observes, (and I would my readers "mutatis mutandis" to make the application to our own community, and thereby extract a moral from the story.) "Yet the influence of the career of William Hilton upon British Art must have been prejudicial rather than beneficial; for the young student was scared, not stimulated, by the example of that excellence to which his own earlier hopes aspired, laboring without encouragement, and producing 'grand works,' under the sure and certain knowledge that they were destined to be removed from the exhibition room to his own dwelling. Who shall wonder that, with such an uncheering prospect continually before their eyes, many youthful aspirants turned to that barren and yet productive field of portrait painting, which at least promised the harvest after the seed had been sown? We may ask, who have been the true encouragers of the grand in art? Who have aided and advanced the cause of historical painting in England? Who have been ready with the recompense for high and undoubted genius? Mr. Hilton had been producing immense works for upwards of thirty years; during that period he may have received half a score of 'commissions,' while men immeasurably his inferiors have had as many hundred; and the nobility and gentry of England have expended fortunes upon importations from the Continent, which enable the dealers in them to thrive. The nation has been very liberal to the dead, but for the living it has done nothing. The exchequer has been largely drawn upon to extend the glory of the old masters, but to the worthies of Great Britain it has doled out a step-mother's meed of fame."

This is a sad picture of existing men and things. I have extracted it at length, because I believe the same evils exist here to an alarming extent, and that, if we hope for a reform, this importation of fabricated old paintings, and preference for portraits must be checked and moderated, or else we hope and labor all in vain. The picture applies literally to our country, where also the dead are more cared for than the living, and the little spent on the Fine Arts is but too often wasted on inferior merit, and received by those who drive a thriving trade in old canvas and articles of vertu. I say to every American who shares in such bad taste and indifference to the Arts, "mutatis mutandis de te fabula narratur."

The question now is, whether the following cheering and consoling remarks of the same writer shall also apply to us or not: "The energies of the existing age seems to be directed into a healthier channel; accidental circumstances have recently given an impetus to 'High Art,' and it is more than probable that the historian of the 19th century will have to record its perfect triumph."

Such being the difficulties and evil influences with which the Artist has to contend here and elsewhere, it will not be amiss to suggest some remedy, and humbly proffer some consolation and advice. I believe the present to be the favorable moment. With that belief I have ventured into the arena, flattering myself that I may have done some little good, and may perchance do some more.

And first, I would emphatically advise the Sons of Genius, the ministers of mind, not to falter or despair. The cloud must pass, and the sunshine fall again upon their path. Information is spreading far and wide, and the intelligence and taste of the nation will and must be guided in the right direction. De Tocqueville in his "Democracy of America," has observed, "I do not believe that it is a necessary effect of a democratic social condition and of democratic institutions to diminish the number of men who cultivate the Fine Arts; but these causes exert a very powerful influence on the manner in which these arts are cultivated. Many of those who had already contracted a taste for the Fine Arts are impoverished. On the other hand, many of those who are not yet rich begin to receive that taste at least by imitation, and the number of consumers (customers?) 'become more scarce. Something analogous to that I have said in relation to the useful Arts takes place in the Fine Arts; the productions of Artists are more numerous, but the merit of each production is diminished. No longer able to soar towards what is great, they cultivate what is pretty and elegant, and appearance is more attended to than reality."

We have here at least the opinion of an enlightened foreigner that our institutions are not necessarily hostile to the Fine Arts; and although I differ from some of his points, and the conclusion that our Artists "are not able to soar towards what is great," (witness, inter alia, as disproving, the Marius of Vanderlyn, Belshazzar's Feast of Allston, the Eve of Powers, and Greenough's Washington,) still his remarks on the whole are cheering, and should and do command respect. Every American who knows anything of Art and its illustrious followers, will find it an easy matter to refute the concluding observation of De Tocqueville by many and stubborn facts. The number of American Artists who, at home and abroad, worship at the shrine of "High Art," and imbibe bright and beautiful inspirations from the breath of Genius, are too numerous and well known for me to venture an argument on the subject.

The fate of Genius has been the same in all countries and ages. The superiority and elevation which the glorious gift bestows upon its recipients, expose them the more to the shafts of envy and persecution. But, fortunately, there is a buoyancy and elasticity in the Sons of Genius, and an irrepressible longing after Fame, and hope in the future, that carry them eventually through opposition and difficulty into the sunshine of prosperity and honor. The story told of the great Cuyp (to take one example from many,) is one that may be repeated of many others who have also achieved a glorious name. For one hundred years the works of this gifted master were but little esteemed by his countrymen; they were not found out of Holland, and then principally at Dort, Harlem, and other neighbouring towns; and even there his productions were not considered cabinet pictures, but merely as articles of furniture. Whilst now, these very pictures, which once hung unseen in obscure places, on Dutch walls, are eagerly sought for, bring princely prices, and are so much esteemed that no collection is deemed complete without them. It was not until 1740 that the works of this great Artist were snatched from decay and obscurity by a Swiss pedlar, who carried some ten or twelve of Cuyp's Landscapes to England. Hence he dates his reputation.

Let the Artist who is now suffering under undeserved neglect, ponder on the fate of poor Cuyp and the other great Masters of the Art, who, like him, lived needy and unnoticed, and take lessons such as these seriously and consolingly to his chafed and wounded spirit. "Ex uno disce omnes."

"We must suppose," says an eloquent writer in Blackwood, "that struggles with the world's difficulties, incompatible though they seem with Art, are necessary; and that the cradle of Genius must be first rocked by want; that necessity is the great 'magister artem,' for we find it has ever been so, even to the present enlightened age. A few favorites occupy the Goshen of patronage, who at their death are not remembered, and whose works do 'follow them,' and then the works of those who have lived neglected—lived, worked, and died in penury—are eagerly sought after at any price. Such men, whilst they lived, were yet teaching a lesson in taste which the world were slow to learn; for it is the nature of Genius to be before the age, and in some respects to teach a novelty which the world is not prepared to receive. Genius works on by compulsion of its own nature, and the world is improved by it when it can no longer reward it but by a too great admiration,—that reaches not, so far as we know, the dead. The complaint of Horace has been ever justified, and the world is still in the eager search after works of our Wilson and Gainborough:

"Virtutem incolumen odimus

Sublabam ex oculis quærisque invidi."

I have deemed it proper to say this much on the oft-repeated tale of the wrongs of Genius; to suggest some few subjects for consolation and encouragement. I shall, in my next, having proved the existence of the evil, proceed to offer some thoughts and suggestions calculated, I think, to reform and direct, promptly and efficiently, public taste towards the permanent and general encouragement of the Fine Arts.

THE HOLSTER PISTOL.

BY ALFRED CROWQUILL.

"By the powers! but that is a mighty unsatisfactory story," said a large holster pistol, elaborately embossed with silver, that hung immediately under the picture which had just obliged us with its tale of melancholy and unrequited love; the tone in which it expressed this opinion left no doubt of its being a manufacture of the Emerald Isle, that "jim of the say," whose pistols are as necessary as potatoes.

"I say they were both in the wrong," continued the pistol; "he for not knowing how to put the comether over the young lady, and she for postponing her feelings until too late. Oh! the thing was spoilt entirely, and all through his not being an Irishman born."

"Oh! it was my master who could have spared him enough impudence, which in polite society is called perseverance, to have carried on the siege to the surrender, and never missed it any more than the trumpeter did his head when the cannon-ball gave him blow for blow."

Its little you Englishers know about love-making; for Ireland is Cupid's birth place and likewise place of business, and hasn't he got his hand full there, without bothering himself about any other country; leaving you to make love through your relations and estates, when the only estate an Irishman or woman ever wants to come to, is to man's estate.

"With your laves I'll just give you a trifling 'report,' as I may say, of my regretted master's love-passages and success in that line, which I am sure will make my assertion self-evident.

"Could you but have seen him when he started on his own account, full of youth, ardour, and manly beauty, faith he was a whopper! and just the broth of a boy to make a football of the world without hurting his own toe. He was loaded with blessings by his family and friends, they being the only things left by the rascally law out of a very fine estate.

"He departed, a great credit to every one, for a devil a rap did he pay for his outfit, but then he had a big name which he put to the bills, which must have been a great consolation and pride to the holders as an autograph.

"He wasn't long before he introduced me into stirring scenes where honour, glory, and death were to be won. He seemed to be as naturally made for fighting as I and my twin-brother, and his voice sounded pretty nearly as loudly in the fray: devil a hap'orth did he shiver on the brink; he plunged into the very heart of the broil, like a poodle into a fish-pond, and in like manner formed pretty large circles round his sphere of action. He was the pride of the regiment, and faith his body made the largest shadow in it; notwithstanding which advantage he was known to hate quarrelling or words about trifles, preferring to go out with any man, when, if he did not shoot him, he was afterwards most happy to come to a quiet and rational explanation, the doing which beforehand he looked upon as shirking the shot, and a positive white feather. His opinion upon this subject soon became known, and saved him a vast deal of unnecessary trouble; and many a rival who felt a great desire to kick him in his absence, altered his determination when he was present.

"I fear, between ourselves, that he was a sad rover, but I do not intend to expose his little excusable frailties even after this lapse of years; for six feet one, rising twenty-three, is, I think, allowed a little absolution. I, therefore, shall pass over all his amourettes and peccadilloes, and at once go to the epoch when the conqueror was conquered, and the noose was tied that put me out of commission for some years.

"I all at once discovered that he was terribly off his food, and that the wassail and whim of the mess had no longer any charms for him. He ventured out in the 'witching hours' always upon the same route, taking care to have me and my twin brother as his companions. The same sweet voice always greeted him at his journey's end; and I began to suspect that something more serious than mere gallantry was the cause of his journeyings—and I was right.

"Through the long glades which they nightly traversed 'in converse low and sweet,' I had occasional peeps of an old castellated mansion, stretching out its broad wings proudly and stately in the light of the moon. Good quarters at any rate, thought I, lucky Terence; happy be your wooing and not long a doing, for a small crop off this estate would wonderfully cover the baldness of our native acres.

"These whispering meetings 'short and sweet,' had gone on for some weeks, apparently most satisfactorily to the parties interested; when one eventful night I was rather astonished at finding my master inside the aforesaid mansion, as perfectly at his ease as if he had a right and title to be there by some lawful and luck sending codicil. 'When the cat's away the mice will play,' and so I found it was in this case; for the old people had gone visiting for the evening, and my master, very properly, took good care of the daughter in their absence. Swift and beautiful were the hours, until my master's prudence bade him depart. The last adieu, of which there had been a great many, was spoken; and the long strides of my master bore him rapidly from the mansion, for he was anxious to get clear of the boundaries that none might suspect where he had been. But there was a snake in his path. It was the cousin of the lady, who had been informed by his spies of their clandestine meetings. He had, for the first time, been on the watch to discover who his intruding rival was, and had unluckily pitched upon the night when my master entered the house. He saw the young girl, and that part of the bargain—the estate—for which he had the most love, slipping through his fingers; he had been watching with a burning heart for hours, in expectation of his rival's egress, determined to confront him and demand satisfaction, both as a suitor and one connected with the family, for the wrong done to the lady's character by his clandestine correspondence with her. But when he saw the towering figure of his rival hurrying through the trees, his coward heart, hitherto upheld by hate, sank low, and he hesitated. Few moments were given to him to resolve, for the rapid strides of my master were bearing him fast away. He clutched a pistol, and crawled like a snake through the underwood; one moment more and Terence stood in an open space in the broad moonlight.

"The fiends of hate and jealousy triumphed, and he pulled the trigger with a murderer's hand. The aim was true, and my master fell like a tall tree to the earth.

"Morning dawned, and his apparently lifeless form was discovered by one of the retainers of the house. Assistance was procured, and he was borne into the mansion. Guess the despair of the young girl when she discovered in the wounded stranger the object of her love; but the presence of her parents compelled her to hide the deep agony that convulsed her bosom. He was carried to a chamber with all the charity and kindness of the good old days, where he, after his wound was dressed, showed symptoms of 'returning life' much to the joy of his kind succourers.

"It was found that the ball had passed through the back of the neck, but fortunately without injuring any vital part, and thus the loss of blood alone caused the excessive prostration, almost approaching to death, which, for some days, kept him in a perfectly unconscious state to all around.

"One evening fast approaching twilight, he awoke to something like life. He looked around the deeply-shadowed room and struggled to break through what appeared to him to be a troubled dream. His movement soon brought to his side a lady, who had been standing by the deeply-embayed window, gazing on the setting sun. What was his surprise when he discovered, by the sweet tones of her voice, that it was his lady-love, and the same time felt the overpowering weakness which forbade his rising to clasp her to his heart. A few hurried words informed him of his situation and the necessity for caution, when they were interrupted by the entrance of the lady mother, who was equally rejoiced that he had recovered his consciousness, but forbade any talking. She offered to relieve her daughter, who strenuously pretested against feeling any fatigue, but consented to be relieved when the servants had finished their evening meal.

"The cousin's surprise was great when he discovered that his bold throw

had not won the game, but had only given his rival a better chance; since his murderous act had placed him before the eyes of his mistress in a situation calculated to arouse up all the tenderest feelings of her heart.

"No suspicion of his guilt could for a moment arise in the minds of the family, so that he entered apparently with the same frankness as the rest into the congratulations and good feeling caused by the hope of my master's speedy recovery. He always however, paid his visits to the sick chamber at such times as he knew his fair cousin would give her attendance in her turn with the other branches of the family, which was still necessary from the weak state in which the invalid remained, although pronounced out of immediate danger.

"This apparent friendliness towards my master was only to watch, without suspicion, the actions of the lovers. This he constantly did, to their mutual annoyance; for the only time that they could disburthen their minds to each other was that chosen by the wily and calculating cousin for his visits of condolence and attention. She too well knew his intentions towards her to give him any clue to her feelings, which she thought were hidden within her own breast; but the cunning torturer knew full well the annoyance and pain he was giving to both by his unwished for presence, which knowledge gave his jealous watchings tenfold enjoyment.

"One evening, however, from some unforeseen accident, he was delayed beyond the usual hour of his visit. Upon his entrance his troubled eye glanced round the family circle, and missed the fair cousin. His greeting to his relatives was short, and he hurried from the room. As he approached the sick chamber, his tread became as stealthy as that of an Indian. He stopped at the door, which he opened softly.

A low whispering caught his ear. A moment—and his dark face gleamed with a fiendish look, and his form writhed with suppressed rage. Those few words of confiding love from the lips of his desired bride, blasted his hopes for ever.

"He waited until he heard her open the casement, when he entered with the same soft tread, as if in fear of disturbing the invalid, as also to account for his not being previously heard. My master closed his eyes, pretending sleep; for he always felt an instinctive shrinking at the approach of his snake-like visitor, whose soft hissing voice could only be compared to the threat of that reptile.

"He walked up to his cousin, and placing his hand carelessly upon her arm, fixed his eyes intently upon her face, as he inquired after the state of the patient. The answering blush and eloquent throbblings that met his cold touch, drove every feeling of pity or remorse from his heart.

"That night the moon fell with a clear and tranquil light upon the broad sweeps of greensward that surrounded the old hall, and the long black shadows thrown by the gigantic trees that darkened its noble front, told that the night hours must soon give way to coming morning.

"The fair heiress of that beautiful domain sat at her casement, with her eyes and her thoughts fixed upon the chamber of my master. Her deep reverie was disturbed by seeing something like a shadow pass across the faintly illumined window of the sick chamber. Her heart beat tumultuously, and her eyes strained, as if to pierce the deep shadows that intervened between her and the object. Again she saw it distinctly: it was the figure of a man, anxious for concealment, watching the persons within.

"In an instant the thought rushed across her mind that it must be the assassin, who had before failed in his attempt; and her heart chilled as she remembered that the last watcher left her lover at break of day, which was fast approaching. Quick as thought she threw a cloak around her, and flew along the corridors, descending towards the chamber, which was even with the terrace that swept round the hall. Midway, as she expected, she met the attendant retiring to rest. Without a word she seized him by the arm, and drew him towards the chamber. There was one there before them, who with noiseless steps approached the sleeper, whilst the opened casement betrayed the means of his ingress. They concealed themselves behind the heavy drapery of the bed, where they heard the deep-drawn breathing of my master, as if in profound sleep.

"The servant was struck with the palsy of fear, as he beheld the masked figure approach the sleeper with a bright and glittering blade upraised, as if to plunge it into his bosom. Not so my young mistress. Her eye gleamed upon me and my companion pistol lying on a table within the reach of her hand. Firmly she grasped me, as she saw the assassin prepare, by drawing the bed-clothes from my master's breast, to complete his purpose. But, ere his hand was raised for the fatal blow, she fired full at his body, and he fell with a groan to the floor.

"My master, in the excitement of the alarm, found strength to raise himself from his recumbent posture, and to behold the figure of his intended murderer writhing on the floor, and the pale and almost sinking girl, with me firmly clutched in her grasp, gazing with fixed eyes on the dying wretch at her feet. The servant's cries soon filled the chamber with the father and alarmed domestics, who quickly seized upon the assassin. They tore the mask from his face, and disclosed the convulsed features of the dying cousin. Their exclamations of horror were answered by a look of fiendish malice, and he was a corpse ere they could place him in a chair.

"After the tragic scene which I have just recounted, the eyes of the parents could no longer be blinded to the critical situation of their only child. She appeared therefore no more in the chamber of the invalid.

"Explanations ensued, of a deep and interesting nature, between the venerable father and my master, who bound himself to comply with the prudent wishes and counsel of his loved one's parents, which was to seek still farther his fortune on the road of honour, and if, after a year or two's probation, his and their daughter's feelings remained unchanged, his want of fortune, if no other obstacle stood in the way, should be no bar to his happiness.

"Few but precious were the days that they wandered together, through the grand avenues of her ancestral domain. For hours have I watched them sitting beneath the outspread arms of some giant oak, gazing with silent happiness upon the sunny sky and blue hills, pondering upon the future that promised them only the fulfilment of their wishes.

"They parted.

"In a foreign land—in a shattered hovel sat my master. He laid me by his side upon a rude table that was drawn opposite the fire. His face was pale, and a bandage crossed his brow. It had been a day of victory, and his arm had been with the foremost, and heaven knows I had not been idle, for I was black to the muzzle from my frequent discharges, and blood stained my silver mountings.

"The battle had been an obstinate one, but I do not mean to enter into any lengthened description of it, or the political reasons for it.

All battles are pretty nearly the same thing. A great deal of noise, ditto smoke, hard knocks, some running away, and some remaining on the ground as conquerors and killed, this makes a battle and a victor.

"The political cause is generally a great talk about right to do wrong."

"The features of my master had grown dark under the influence of the sun, and the firmness of his well knit frame told of the lapse of time, as well as the enrichment of his dress marked the success of his career. An open letter lay before him. It was from his lady-love. I did not trouble myself to peep at its contents, for I knew every word by heart, as I had heard it so often; but he seemed never tired of it.

"On the morrow he was to throw himself and his detachment into a small fortified chateau, to be held as a place of refuge and defence for the many wounded, as also a magazine for storing provisions. By daylight next morning he was in occupation of his dangerous post, which was a half castellated building of great extent, surrounded by a deep moat, and quite capable of being defended, if well victualled, for a great length of time.

"A few days after the departure of the main body, he was surrounded, as if by a preconceived manoeuvre, by an effective force of the enemy. This gave him very little uneasiness, and only redoubled the honour of his position, and stimulated his vigilance.

"Weeks passed away, during which the enemy were continually harassing him at all points; but failing to make any impression of consequence, as they had no metal of any dangerous calibre. Still he never relaxed in his own personal attendance in the observance of his arduous duty; but encouraged, by his continual presence, the too few that were spared for the defence of so important a point.

"One evening, as the twilight was deepening around him, he leant against a small tower that rose from the battlement, with his eyes intently fixed upon the watch-fires of the enemy which were glimmering in the valley beneath, when he fancied that some object was slowly moving up the glassy slope which bordered the opposite side of the moat. He was vainly endeavouring to more clearly distinguish its form, when a sharp whistling sound betrayed the flight of an arrow from some hand close in his vicinity. The flutter of a white substance marked its course, which was in the direction of the body that had challenged his attention.

"He instantly rushed down the tower, just in time to see the back of one of the farriers, attached to his own corps, disappear through the small door leading into the quadrangle. He followed him stealthily, and convinced himself of his identity; but resolved to watch him jealously, as a better security for the discovery of his design, rather than seize upon him on the instant.

At daybreak, just as he had retired for a few minutes to recruit his overtaxed strength, an explosion, shaking the very foundations, startled him from his couch. The crashing sound which followed, betokened the fall of some massive portion of the build. Rushing into the court-yard he found all confusion: the principal tower had been blown up, and had in its fall choked up a great portion of the moat, over which the enemy were pouring in overwhelming numbers. Seeing at a glance the hopelessness of his position, he surrendered immediately to the commanding officer, to save the effusion of blood that must necessarily ensue from any rash attempt at defence.

"As he stood pale, but firm, surrounded by his brave followers, to surrender up his sword to an enemy, evidently only conquerors through the means of a traitor, his venerable serjeant, who had been busily engaged getting the men into some order, approached him, and whispering in his ear, informed him that he had seen the farrier run from the tower a few seconds before the explosion had taken place. This was enough for my master, coupled with his own suspicions, and he was resolved to do his duty.

"The commanding officer of the assailants advanced to receive the swords of the officers. My master looked for a moment at his triumphant smile, when, instead of delivering his sword into his hand, he snapped it with his foot, and threw it on the ground, saying, 'Treachery having given you the present advantage, I do not think you worthy of receiving the sword of an honourable man. Your accomplice I guess at, and as you may soon put it out of my power to reward him as he deserves, I take this only opportunity left me of doing so.'

"As he finished speaking, he drew me from his belt, and fixed his stern glance upon the guilty wretch, who became paralyzed at the suddenness of the discovery, and unable to move, stood with ashy face and parted lips, as if to beg for mercy; but no sound issued from his lips, fear completely denied him utterance.

"One agonizing moment passed; and then my master pulled my trigger, and I lodged a ball in the recreant's brain, who springing forward, fell dead at the feet of the comrades he had betrayed. A glow passed through my frame as the thin white smoke curled upwards from my mouth. I felt that I had done a deed of justice.

"The awful silence, which followed this act, was suddenly broken by the loud booming of heavy artillery. The blood rushed back to my master's heart. The enemy's outposts were driven in, only to bring the news of the quick approach of our troops to the rescue. They soon surrounded the foot of the hill upon which the chateau stood, and the treacherous foe was caught as in a trap.

"Home! home! home! the joyous word passed from mouth to mouth. The march was no longer toilsome. The heart had lost its weight and the foot regained its lightness. Faces were again brightened up by happiness and hope. The scowl of the battle-field had vanished like a storm-cloud from the brow, and the breathings of vengeance melted into the calm sweet songs of home.

"Terence, my brave master, soon folded his trembling dove in his stalwart embrace; and I hung with my brother implements of war in idleness and obscurity.

"Years rolled on in placid happiness, when a young Terence came to claim me. He received with me the account of my many great acts, and his family's obligations to me. I never saw my old master again.

"The young Terence did honour to his blood, and used me with glory to himself and country; but alas! though I acted with precision, and did all I could to save a life so precious to me and to others, a bloody field found us stretched side by side in the pale moon-light.

"A brigand hand tore me from my young hero and friend, and I confess took me into very bad company; the consequences of which I will some evening relate to you. For the present you must remain satisfied with my respectable reminiscences."

"Are you fond of tongue sir?" "I was always fond of tongue madame, and I like it—still"

FEMALE AUTHORS. No. 1.—MRS. HEMANS.

BY GEORGE GILFILLAN, AUTHOR OF "A GALLERY OF LITERARY PORTRAITS."

Female authorship is, if not a great, certainly a singular fact. And if a singular fact in this century, what must it have been in the earlier ages of the world—when it existed as certainly as now, and was more than now a phenomenon, standing often insulated and alone? If, even in this age, *blues* are black-balled and homespun is still the "only wear," and music, grammar, and *gramarye* are the three elements, legitimately included and generally expected in the education of woman, in what light must the *Aspasia*s and the *Sapphos* of the past have been regarded? Probably as *lusus natura*, in whom a passionate attachment to literature was pardoned as a pleasant peccadillo, or agreeable insanity; just as a slight squint in the eye of a beauty, or even a far-off *faux pas* in her reputation, is still not unfrequently forgiven. But alas! in our age, the exception is likely soon to become the rule—the *lusus* the law; and, at all events, of female authorship, the least gallant of critics is compelled now to take cognizance; and without absolutely admitting this as our characteristic, we must confess the diffidence as well as the good-will wherewith we approach a subject where respect for truth and respect for the sex are sometimes apt to jostle and jar.

The works of British women have now taken up, not by courtesy but by right, a full and conspicuous place in our literature. They constitute an elegant library in themselves; and there is hardly a department in science, in philosophy, in morals, in politics, in the belles-lettres, in fiction, or in the fine arts, but has been occupied, and ably occupied by a lady. This certainly proclaims a high state of cultivation on the part of the many which has thus flowered out into composition in the case of the few. It exhibits an extension and refinement of that element of female influence which, in the private intercourse of society, has been productive of such blessed effects—it mingles with the harsh tone of general literature, "as the lute pierceth through the cymbal's clash"—it blends with it a vein of delicate discrimination, of mild charity, and of purity of morals—gives it a healthy and happy tone, the tone of the fireside; it is in the chamber of our literature, a quiet and lovely presence; by its very gentleness, overawing as well as refining and beautifying it all. One principal characteristic of female writing in our age is its sterling sense. It is told of Coleridge, that he was accustomed, on important emergencies, to consult a female friend, placing implicit confidence in her first instructive suggestions. If she proceeded to add her reasons, he checked her immediately. "Leave these, madam for me to find out." We find this rare and valuable sense—his short-hand reasoning—exemplified in our lady authors' producing, even in the absence of original genius, or of profound penetration, or of wide experience, a sense of perfect security, as we follow their gentle guidance. Indeed, on all questions affecting proprieties, decorums, what we may call the *ethics* of sentimentalism, minor as well as major morals, their verdict may be considered oracular, and without appeal. But we dare not say that we consider them entitled to speak with equal authority on those higher and deeper questions, where not instinct nor heart, but severe and tried intellect is qualified to return the responses. We remark, too, in the writings of females, a tone of greater generosity than in those of men. They are more candid and amiable in their judgments of authors and of books. Commend us to female critics. They are not eternally consumed by the desire of being witty, astute, and severe, of carping at what they could not equal—of hewing down what they could or would not have built up. The principle, *nil admirari*, is none of theirs; and whether it be that a sneer disfigures their beautiful lips, it is seldom seen upon them. And in correspondence with this, it is curious that (in our judgments, and we suspect theirs) the worst critics are persons who dislike the sex, and whom the sex dislikes—musty, fusty old bachelors, such as Gifford, or certain pedantic prigs in the press of the present day. Ladies, on the other hand, are seldom severe judges of anything, except each other's dress and deportment; and in defect of profound principles, they are helped out by that fine instinctive sense of theirs, which partakes of the genial nature, and verges upon genius itself.

Passing from such preliminary remarks, we proceed to our theme. We have selected Mrs. Hemans as our first specimen of Female Authors, not because we consider her the best, but because we consider her by far the most feminine writer of the age. All the woman in her shines. You could not (unknowing of the author) open a page of her writings without feeling this is written by a lady. Her inspiration always pauses at the feminine point. It never "oversteps the modesty of nature," nor the dignity and decorum of womanhood. She is no Sibyl, tossed to and fro in the tempest of furious excitement, but ever a "deep, majestic, and high-souled woman"—the calm mistress of the highest and stormiest of her emotions. The finest compliment we can pay her—perhaps the finest compliment that it is possible to pay to woman, as a moral being—is to compare her to "one of Shakespeare's women," and to say, had Imogen, or Isabella, or Cornelia become an authoress, she had so written.

Sometimes, indeed, Mrs. Hemans herself seems reduced, through the warmth of her temperament, the facility and rapidity of her execution, and the intensely lyrical tone of her genius, to dream that the shadow of the Pythoness is waving behind her, and controlling the motions of her song. To herself she appears to be uttering oracular deliverances. Alas! "oracles speak," and her poetry, as to all effective utterance of original truth, is silent. It is emotion only that is audible to the sharpest ear that listens to her song. A bee wreathing round you in the warm summer morn, her singing circle gives you as much new insight into the universe as do the sweetest strains which have ever issued from this "voice of spring." We are reluctantly compelled, therefore, to deny her, in its highest sense, the name of poet—a word often abused, often misapplied in mere compliment or courtesy, but which ought ever to retain its stern and original signification. A *maker* she is not. What dream of childhood has she ever, to any imagination reborn? whose slumbers has she ever peopled with new and terrible visions? what new form or figure has she annexed like a second shadow, to our own idiosyncrasy, to track us on our way for ever? to what mind has she given such a burning stamp of impression, as it feels eternally itself unable to efface? There is no such result from the poetry of Mrs. Hemans. She is less a *maker* than a *musician*, and her works appear rather to rise to the airs of the piano than that still sad music of humanity—the adequate instrument for the expression of which, has not yet been invented by man. From the tremulous movement, the wailing cadences, the artistic pauses, and the conscious-swellings climaxes of her verse, we always figure her as modulating, inspiring, and controlling her thoughts and words to the tune of some fine instrument, which is less the vehicle than the creator of the strain. In her poetry, consequently, the music rather awakens the meaning, than does the meaning round and mellow off into the music.

With what purpose does a lady in whom perfect skill and practice have not altogether drowned enthusiasm, sit down to her harp, piano or guitar? Not altogether for the purpose of display—not at all for that of instruction to her

audience—but in a great measure that she may develop in a lawful form, the sensibilities of her own bosom. Thus sate Felicia Hemans before her lyre—not touching it with awful reverence, as though each string were a star, nor using it as the mere conductor to her overflowing thoughts, but regarding it as the soother and sustainer of her own high-wrought emotions—a graceful *alias* of herself. Spring, in its vague joyousness, has not a more appropriate voice in the note of the cuckoo than feminine sensibility had in the more varied but hardly profounder song of the authoress before us.

We wish not to be misunderstood. Mrs. Hemans had something more than the common belief of all poets in the existence of the beautiful. She was a genuine woman, and, therefore, the sequence (as we shall see speedily) is irresistible, a true Christian. Nor has she feared to set her creed to music in her poetry. But it was a betrayal, rather than as a purpose, that she so did. She was more the organ of sentiment and sensibility than of high and solemn truth—more a golden morning mist, now glittering and then gone in the sun, than a steady dial at once meekly reflecting and faithfully watching and measuring his beams.

She was, as Lord Jeffrey well remarks, an admirable writer of occasional verses. She has caught, in her poetry, passing words of her own mind—meditations of the sleepless night—transient glimpses of thought, visiting her in her serene hours—the “silver lining” of those cloudy feelings which preside over her darker—and the impressions made upon her mind by the more remarkable events of her every-day life—and the more exciting passages of her reading.

Her works are a versified *journal* of a quiet ideal, and beautiful life—the life at once of a woman and a poetess, with just enough, and no more, of romance to cast around it a mellow autumnal colouring. The songs, hymns and odes in which this life is registered are as soft and bright as atoms of the rainbow; like them, tears transmuted into glory, but, no more than they, great or complete. In many poems we see the germ of greatness, which might in happier circumstances, or in a more genial season have been developed. But no such germ can the most microscopic survey discover in her, and we feel that at her death her beautiful but tiny task was done. Indeed, with such delicate organization, and such intense susceptibility as hers, the elaboration, the long reach of thought, the slow cumulative advance, the deep-curbed, yet cherished ambition which a great work requires and implies, are, we fear, incompatible.

It follows, naturally from this, that her largest are her worst productions. They labour under the fatal defect of tedium. They are a surfeit of sweets. Conceive an orchard of rose-trees. Who would not, stupified and bewildered by excess and extravagance of beauty, prefer the old, sturdy, and well laden boughs of the pear and pippen, and feel the truth of the adage—“The apple tree is the fairest tree in the wood?” Hence few, comparatively, have taken refuge in her forest sanctuary, reluctant and rare the ears which have listened to her “Vespers of Palermo,” her “Siege of Valencia,” has stormed no hearts, and her “Sceptic” made, we fear, few converts. But who has not wept over her “Graves of a Household,” or hushed his heart to hear her “Treasures of the Deep,” in which the old sea himself seems to speak, or wished to take the left hand of the Hebrew child and lead him up, along with his mother, to the temple service; or thrilled and shouted in the gorge of “Mergarten,” or trembled at the stroke of her “Hour of Death?” Such poems are of the kind which win their way into every house, and every collection, and every heart. They secure for their authors a sweet garden plot of reputation, which is envied by none, and with which no one intermeddles. Thus flowers smile, unharmed, to the bolt which levels the pine beside them. Cataracts, in the course of ages, wear away their cliff of van age, and so their glory suicidally perishes, while “one meek streamlet, only one,” beautifies its narrow glen for ever—tapers live while suns sink and disappear. Even a single sweet poem, flowing from a gentle mind in a happy hour, is as “ointment poured forth,” and carries a humble name in fragrance far down into futurity, while the elaborate productions of loftier spirits rot upon shelves. A Lucretius exhausts the riches of his magnificent mind in a stately poem, which is barely remembered, and never read. A Wolfe expresses the emotions of every heart at the recital of Sir John Moore’s funeral in a few rude rhymes, and becomes immortal. A Shelley, dipping his pen in the bloody sweat of his lonely and agonized heart, traces voluminous lines of “red and burning” poetry, and his works are known only to some hardy explorers. A Michael Bruce transfers one spring joy of his dying frame, stirred by the note of the cuckoo, to a brief and tear-stained page; and henceforth the voice of the bird seems vocal with his name, and wherever, from the “engulphed navel” of the wood you hear its strange, nameless, timeless, wandering, unearthly voice, you think of the poet who sighed away his soul, and gathered his fame in its praise. A Baillie constructs a work “before all ages,” lavishes on it imagination that might suffice for a century of poets, and writes it in colours snatched from the sun; and it lies, on some recherche tables, like a foreign curiosity, to be seen, shown, and lifted, rather than to be read and pondered. A William Miller sings, one gloaming, his “Wee Willie Winkie;” and the nurseries of an entire nation re-echo the simple strains, and every Scottish mother blesses, in one breath, her babe and his poet. We mention this, not entirely to approve, but in part to wonder at it. It is not just that one strain from a lute or a pan’s-pipe should survive a thunder-psalm—that effusions should eclipse works.

Mrs. Hemans’ poems are strictly effusions. And not a little of their charm springs from their unstudied and extempore character. This, too, is in fine keeping with the sex of the writer. You are saved the ludicrous image of a double dyed Blue, in papers and morning wrapper, sweating at some stupendous treatise or tragedy from morn to noon, and from noon to dewy eve—you see a graceful and gifted woman, passing from the cares of her family, and the enjoyments of society, to inscribe on her tablets some fine thought or feeling, which had throughout the day existed as a still sunshine upon her countenance, or perhaps as a quiet unshed tear in her eye. In this case, the transition is so natural and graceful, from the duties or delights of the day to the employments of the desk, that there is as little pedantry in writing a poem as in writing a letter, and the authoress appears only the lady in flower. Indeed, to recur to a former remark, Mrs. Hemans is distinguished above all others by her intense womanliness. And as her own character is so true to her sex, so her sympathies with her sex are very peculiar and profound. Of the joys and the sorrows, the difficulties and the duties, the trials and the temptations, the hopes and the fears, the proper sphere and mission of woman, and of those peculiar consolations which the “world cannot give or take away” that sustain her even when baffled, she has a true and thorough appreciation; and her “Records of Woman,” and her “Songs of the Affections,” are just audible beatings of the deep female heart.

In our judgment, Mrs. Ellis’s idea of Woman is trite, vulgar, and limited, compared with that of “Egeria,” as Miss Jewsbury used fondly to denote her beloved friend. What a gallery of Shakespeare’s female characters would the

author of the “Mothers, Daughters, and women of England” have painted! What would she have said of Juliet? How would she have contrived to twist Beatrice into a pattern Miss? Perdita! would she have sent her to a boarding-school? or insisted on *finishing*, according to the Hannah More pattern, the divine Miranda? Of that pretty Pagan Imogen, what would she make? Imagine her criticism on Lady Macbeth, or on Ophelia’s dying speech and confession, or her revelation of the “Family Secrets” of the Merry Wives of Windsor!

Next to her pictures of the domestic affections stand Mrs. Hemans’s pictures of nature. These are less minute than passionate, less sublime than beautiful, less studious than free, broad, and rapid sketches. Her favourite scenery was the woodland, a taste in which we can thoroughly sympathise. In the wood there is a fullness, a roundness, a rich harmony, and a comfort, which soothe and completely satisfy the imagination. There, too, there is much life and motion. The glens, the still moorlands, and the rugged hills, will not move, save to one master finger, the finger of the earthquake, who is chary of his great displays. But before each lightest touch of the breeze the complacent leaves of the woodland begin to stir, and the depth of solitude seems instantly peopled, and from perfect silence there comes a still small voice, so sweet and sudden that it is, as if every leaf were the tongue of a separate spirit. Her favourite season was the autumn, though her finest verses are dedicated to the spring. Here, too, we devoutly participate in her feeling. The shortening day—the new out-bursting from their veil of daylight of those in summer, neglected tremblers—the stars—the yellow corn—the grey and pensive light—the joy of harvest—the fine firing of all the groves (not the “fading but the kindling of the leaf”)—the frequent and moaning winds—the spiritual quiet in which, at other times, the stubble fields are bathed—the rekindling of the cheerful fires upon the hearth—the leaves falling to their own sad music—the rising stackyards—the wild fruit, ripened at the cold sun of the frost—the ineffable gleams of light dropping upon favourite glens or rivers, or hills which shine out like the shoulder of Pelops—the beseeching looks with which, trembling on the verge of winter, the belated season seems to say, “Love me well I am the last of the sisterhood that you can love”—in short, that indescribable charm which breathes in its very air and colours its very light, and sheds its joy of grief over all things, have concurred with some sad associations, to render autumn to us, the loveliest and the dearest of all the seasons. As Mrs. Hemans loved woodland scenery for its kindly “looks of shelter,” so she loved the autumn principally for its correspondence with that fine melancholy which was the permanent atmosphere of her being. In one of her letters, speaking of an autumn day, she says, “the day was one of a kind I like, soft, still, and grey, such as makes the earth appear a ‘pensive but a happy place.’” We have sometimes thought that much of Wordsworth’s poetry should always be read, and can never be so fully felt as in the autumn, when “Laodamia,” at least, must have been written.

Should not poems, as well as pictures, have their peculiar light, in which alone they can properly be seen? Should not Scott be read in spring, Shelley in the fervid summer, Wordsworth in autumn, Cowper and Byron in winter, Shakespeare all the year round?

In many points Mrs. Hemans reminds us of a poet just named, and whom she passionately admired, namely, Shelley. Like him, drooping, fragile, a reed shaken by the wind, a mighty wind, in sooth, too powerful for the tremulous reed on which it discoursed its music; like him, the victim of exquisite nervous organization; like him, verse flowed for and from her, and the sweet sound often overpowered the meaning, kissing it, as it were to death; like him, she was melancholy, but the sadness of both was musical, tearful, active, not stony, silent and motionless, still less misanthropical and didactical; like him, she was gentle, playful, they could both run about their prison garden, and dally with the dark chains, which they knew, bound them till death. Mrs. Hemans, indeed, was not like Shelley, a vates; she has never reached his heights, not sounded his depths, yet they are, to our thought, so strikingly alike as to seem brother and sister, in one beautiful, but delicate and dying family. Their very appearance must have been similar. How like must the girl, Felicia Dorothea Browne, with the mantling bloom of her cheeks, her hair of a rich golden brown, and the ever varying expression of her brilliant eyes, have been to the noble boy Percy Bysshe Shelley, when he came first to Oxford, a fair-haired, bright eyed enthusiast, on whose cheek and brow, and in whose eye was already beginning to burn a fire, which ultimately enwrapped his whole being in flames!

In Mrs. Hemans’s melancholy, one “simple” was wanting, which was largely mixed in Shelley’s, that of faithless despondency. Her spirit was cheered by faith—by a soft and noble form—of the softest—nobliest faith—a form, reminding us much from its balance of human, poetical, and celestial elements of that of Jeremy Taylor—the Shakespeare of divines. Although, as we have said, her poetry is not, of premeditation and purpose, the express image of her religious thought, yet it is a rich illustration of the religious tendency of the female mind. Indeed, females may be called the natural guardians of morality and faith. These shall always be safe in the depths of the female intellect, and of the female heart—an intellect, the essence of which is worship—a heart, the element of which is love. Unhired, disinterested, spontaneous is the aid they give to the blessed cause—leaning, indeed, in their lovely weakness on the “worship of sorrow,” they, at the same time, prop it up through the wide and holy influences which they wield. Their piety, too, is no fierce and foul polemic flame—it is that of the feelings—the quick instinctive sense of duty—the wonder-stricken soul and the loving heart—often it is not even a conscious emotion at all—but in Wordsworth’s language—they lie in

“Abraham’s bosom all the year,

And God is with them, when they know it not.”

In Mrs. Hemans’s writings you find this pious tendency of her sex unsoiled by an atom of cant, or bigotry, or exclusiveness; and shaded only by so much pensiveness as attests its divinity and its depth: for as man’s misery is said to spring from his greatness, so the gloom which often overhangs the earnest spirit arises from its more immediate proximity to the Infinite and the Eternal. And who would not be ready to sacrifice all the cheap sunshine of earthly success and satisfaction, for even a touch of a shadow so sublime!

After all, the nature of this poetess is more interesting than her genius, or than its finest productions. These descend upon us like voices from a mountain summit, suggesting to us an elevation of character far higher than themselves. If not, in a transcendent sense, a poet, her life was a poem. Poetry coloured all her existence with a golden light—poetry presided at her needle-work—poetry mingled with her domestic and her maternal duties—poetry sat down with her to her piano—poetry fluttered her hair and flushed her cheek in her mountain rambles—poetry quivered in her voice, which was a “sweet sad melody”—poetry accompanied her to the orchard, as she read the “Talisman,” in that long glorious summer day, which she has made immortal—and poetry

attended her to the house of God, and listened with her to the proud pealing organ, as to an echo from withing the veil. Poetry performed for her a still tenderer ministry; it soothed the deep sorrows, on which we dare not enter, which shaded the tissue of her history—it mixed its richest cupful of the "joy of grief" for her selected lips—it lapped her in a dream of beauty, through which the sad realities of life looked in, softened and mellowed in the medium. What could poetry have done more for her, except, indeed, by giving her that sight "as far as the incommunicable"—that supreme vision which she gives so rarely, and which she bestows often as a curse, instead of a blessing? Mrs. Hemans, on the other hand, was too favourite a child of the Muse to receive any such Cassandra boon. Poetry beautified her life, blunted and perfumed the thorns of her anguish, softened the pillow of her sickness, and combined with her firm and most feminine faith to shed a gleam of soft and tearful glory upon her death.

Thus lived, wrote, suffered, and died "Egeria."

Without farther seeking to weigh the worth or settle the future place of her works, let us be thankful to have had her among us; and that she did what she could, in her bright, sorely-tried, yet triumphant passage. She grew in beauty; was blasted where she grew; rained around her poetry, like bright tears from her eyes; learned in suffering what she taught in song; died, and all hearts to which she ever ministered delight, have obeyed the call of Wordsworth, to

"Mourn rather for that holy spirit,
Mild as the spring, as ocean deep;—
For her who, ere her summer faded,
Has sunk into a dreamless sleep."

GREAT EVENTS FROM LITTLE CAUSES.

In wandering through the "highways and byeways" of history, how curious it is to seek out the springs which set the world in motion, and to read how the most trivial circumstances have occasioned the subversion of empires, and erected new ones in their stead; in a word, how the most important events frequently came to pass from very inconsiderable causes. A few instances, "though at random strung," may be interesting.

The story of Semiramis shall be our first instance. How this beautiful heroine, by her charms and her valour, won the heart and crown of Ninus, King of Assyria, history doth tell. Enamoured of his bride, one unlucky morning, he resolved on the pleasure of seeing all Asia subject to the will of one who had possession of his heart: he, therefore, gave her absolute authority for the space of one day, and ordered all his subjects to execute the commands of Semiramis. A wise and prudent woman would, doubtless, have made use of this frolic to tell Ninus of his faults; not so, however, Semiramis; she consulted her ambition and her cruelty, for as soon as Ninus had placed this power in her hands, she employed it in causing him to be assassinated. The traitors whom she employed for this vile purpose, reported that the king had given up the reins of the empire to his wife, because he found his end approaching; this the people believed, and readily acknowledged Semiramis as their sovereign. How she used her newly-acquired power by building the city of Babylon, employing two millions of men; how she extended the Assyrian empire by leveling mountains, turning the course of rivers, and building vast cities; and how she failed in her attempted conquest of India, and was, in consequence, privately put to death by her son Ninias, history doth narrate; we have told enough to prove how a little cause produced a great effect.

Agésilas, when in the flush of conquest, was one day suddenly seized with the cramp in his left leg, which caused him great pain. "Men thinking that it had been but blood which filled the vein, a physician being there opened a vein under the ankle of his foot, but there came such abundance of blood that they could not staunch it, so that he swooned often, and was in danger of present death. In fine, a way was found to stop it, and they carried him to Lacedæmon; where he lay sick a long time, so that he was past going to the wars any more, and thus Lacedæmon lost her hero.

"In most naval fights," says Sir Thomas Browne, "some notable advantage, error, or unexpected occurrence hath determined the victory. The great fleet of Xerxes was overthrown by the disadvantage of a narrow plain for battle. In the encounter of Diulus, the Roman, with the Carthaginian fleet, a new invention of the iron *corvi* (beaks to the ships,) made a decision of the battle on the Roman side. The unexpected sailing off of the galleys of Cleopatra lost the battle of Actium. Even in the battle of Lepanto, if Caracozza had given the Turks orders not to narrow on account of the number of the Christian galleys, they had in all probability, declined the adventure of a battle; and even when they came to fight the unknown force, an advantage of the eight Venetian galliasses gave the main stroke unto the victory."

Archimedes, we know, set fire to the ships of Marcellus at a considerable distance, by burning glasses; and this philosopher, who had offered to move the world with a lever, was taken off in a very unseemly manner; for he was killed by a soldier who knew him not, while intent upon some geometrical figures, which he had drawn upon the sand.

Rome, in its foundation by the twin brothers, Romulus and Remus, saved from the torrent of the Tiber; and the preservation of the capitol by the cackling of geese, are examples of great effects from little causes, too familiar to need quotation in detail. The founding of Carthage by Dido, is a kindred event; for the cunning colonist, to escape the cruelty of her brother Pygmalion, put her goods and chattles on board ships, and sailed in quest of a new settlement; having landed on the African coast, Dido is said to have bought from the natives as much ground as she could encompass with a bull's skin. In this transaction she evinced both ingenuity and mathematical skill, for she not only cut the skin into very small things, but, after joining them laid them in the form of a circle, a figure which encloses the largest space by the smallest bounding line. On that ground she built Carthage, one of the celebrated cities of antiquity. The latter part of this account has been disputed, but it has often been quoted, as authentic history.

The fall of Lucretia was the cause of the expulsion of the kings from Rome, and the change of the monarch into a republic; and the licentious passion of one of the Decemviri, (Appius Claudius,) led to the abolition of the Decemvirate, as is told in the touching story of Virginus and his daughter.

The conspiracy of Cataline was defeated through the disgust of Fulvia with her lover, Curius, when he could no longer heap presents upon her. Curius, who was one of the conspirators, had "in moment of confidence," told the plot to Fulvia, who spread it abroad; it soon reached the ears of Cicero, who discovered it to the Senate: Cataline fled from Rome, and took up arms; he was pursued; overtaken; a battle ensued, in which he was killed, and thus Rome was saved by the betrayal of a woman's secret, from one of the most powerful combinations ever formed for the overthrow of the Roman state. The ugliness

of another Fulvia was the cause of a civil war between Anthony and Octavius; for Octavius rejecting the suit of Fulvia, and declaring that her ugliness terrified him more than death, the indignant woman led the Roman soldiers against him, and set the two Triumviri fighting.

Titus Antonius was raised to the throne of the Cæsars through his affection for his father. The emperor Adrian one day saw Titus leading the infirm old man to the Senate; he instantly adopted him and after the death of Adrian, Titus ascended the imperial throne.

Commodus, another emperor, of a very different stamp, was killed through a child playing with a paper which he had found in the emperor's chamber; the little boy had been reared in the palace, had followed Commodus into his apartment, and staying there after his departure, took up the paper, and went out of doors, playing with it as he walked through the street; the child was met by a woman, who, taking the document out of his hand, found it to be the sentence of her own death, as well as some other persons; they together saved their own lives by first poisoning, and then strangling the imperial tyrant.

Belisarius, one of the greatest captains in history, after having conquered the Persians, and subdued Africa and Italy, was deprived of all his honours and dignities for having very properly reproached his worthless wife. She being a *confidante* of the empress, persuaded the latter to get up a charge of revolt against Belisarius, and then instigated Justinian to confiscate the soldier's estate and goods, and degrade him. "Before Belisarius's disgrace," says the account, somewhat naively, "every person thought it an honor to be in his company; but, after his misfortune, none dared to speak to him, compassionate him, or even mention his name. True friends are rarely met with among the great."

Placidia, the mother of Valentinian III., Emperor of the West, brought up her daughter, Honoria, so severely, that the young princess who was a forward vixen, to get rid of the maternal restraint, wrote a letter to Attila, King of the Huns, offering him her hand, and as a pledge of her faith, sent him half a ring. Attila, who only wanted a pretext for ravaging the west, took advantage of Honoria's offer, and wrote to the Emperor Valentinian, that Honoria was his wife; desired that he would send her to him, and likewise cede to him the moiety of the empire which was to be her portion. Valentinian, of course, refused these unreasonable demands, which so enraged Attila, that he ravaged all Gaul and Italy, and drove some of the inhabitants of the latter to the point of the Adriatic Gulf, where they built themselves cottages, and thus commenced the city of Venice.

Valentinian III. was a reckless gambler, and whilst Rome was falling to pieces for the second time, this emperor was playing at dice with his ministers, and cheating them whenever he could; and Maximus preserved the friendship of this emperor only by gaming with him. One day when they had both played very deeply, Maximus lost a considerable sum; and, as he had not the amount with him, the emperor compelled him to leave his ring with him as security. Through the base use which Valentinian made of the ring, he was assassinated in a conspiracy formed by Maximus, who succeeded to the imperial throne, and then compelled Eudoxia, the widow of Valentinian, to accept his hand. She soon became disgusted at his cruelty, and invited the Vandals from Africa to come to her aid; Genseric caught at this opportunity of gratifying the desire he had of pillaging Italy: he soon landed with a large army, advanced to Rome, and entered the city, sword in hand, and pillaged it for fourteen days. He then returned to Carthage, carrying with him the Empress Eudoxia, and all the principal personages of Rome, loaded with chains: in the mean time, the people enraged at Maximus tore him to pieces. Thus we see how the inability of a gambler to pay a loss immediately led to the sacking of the mistress of the world.

Many a war has been caused by the most trifling circumstance: here is an instance. About the middle of the thirteenth century, the two republics of Genoa and Venice were at the height of their prosperity, and had establishments in all parts of the world. They had a considerable one in the city of Acre, on the coast of Syria, where they lived, subject to the laws of their respective countries, in perfect union. Their peace was, however, destroyed by a mere accident. One day, two porters, one a Genoese, and the other a Venetian, fell out about a bale of goods which was to be carried. From words they fell to blows: the merchants, who at first gathered round them only by way of amusement to see the battle, at length took part in the quarrel, each assisting his countryman; and much blood was spilt on both sides. Complaints were soon carried to Genoa and Venice; and the magistrates of each republic agreed that satisfaction should be made for the damage, by arbitration. The Genoese had the greater sum to pay, which they failed to do; when the Venetians, by way of retribution, set on fire all the Genoese vessels which were then in the port of Acre. A sanguinary battle ensued; and the account says, Genoa and Venice resolved to support their merchants, and each fitted out a considerable fleet: the Genoese were beaten, and compelled to abandon their settlements at Acre, when the Venetians raised their houses and forts, and destroyed their magazines. The Genoese, irritated at their defeat, refitted their fleet, and every citizen offered to venture his person and fortune to revenge the outrage on his country. Meanwhile, the Venetians were equally active. The sea was covered with the ships of the rival republics; an engagement ensued, much blood was spilt, and many brave citizens were lost on both sides. In fine, after a long and cruel war, in which the two republics reaped nothing but shame, they made peace.

Towards the middle of the fourteenth century, the Genoese became disgusted with the tyranny of the nobility, and sighed for change. The populace wished to elect an *Abbe*, whose authority should keep in check the captains, who were then the magistrates of the republic. A large and tumultuous meeting was accordingly held for the election of an *Abbe of the People*. The tumult increased, the people grew warm, and were about to proceed to blows; when a shoemaker, who had just come out from a wine house, mixed among the crowd, and getting upon an elevation, emboldened by the fumes of wine, he bawled out, "Fellow-citizens, will you hearken to me!" The Genoese, who were about to tear each other to pieces, burst into a hearty laugh. Some told the shoemaker to be quiet; others encouraged him to speak; but some threw dirt at him. The orator was nowise disconcerted, and shouted out: "You ought to nominate to the dignity of *Abbe of the People* an honest man; and I know of none more so than Simon Bocceanegra; you ought to appoint him." Now, Simon was a good man, and was much esteemed both by the nobility and the people; and he was, moreover, a man of good family. In short, his merits occasioned the people to attend to the shoemaker's recommendation: they elected Simon to be *Abbe*, and presented him with a sword, as the mark of his dignity; this, however, he returned, thanking the people for the good-will they had shown him, but declining to be the first *Abbe*; but availing himself of the shoemaker's speech, he soon attained the lead in the republic. The people soon shouted, "Bocceanegra, Lord of Genoa." The ambitious man

then said he was ready to submit to the will of the people; to be Abbe, or Lord, as they should ordain. This feigned humility pleased the people, as he had calculated: they shouted, "Lord Boccanegra!" and he was proclaimed perpetual Doge! So that, the speech of a drunken shoemaker caused the government of Genoa to be transferred from the nobles to the people, and a single man to become sole master in the state.

How the Genoese fell under the Austrian yoke we need not particularise: they freed themselves from it through a very trifling occurrence. On Dec. 5, 1746, the Genoese were compelled to assist in drawing the artillery of their city, to aid their conquerors in an expedition against Provence. In drawing one of the mortars through a narrow street, the carriage broke, a crowd assembled, in the midst of which an Austrian officer struck with his cane a Genoese, who was slow at his work. The exasperated republican drew his knife, and stabbed the officer; the whole crowd of Genoese became excited; they broke open the armourer's shops, demolished the gates of the arsenal and of the powder magazines, fell upon the Austrians and drove them out of the city; the peasantry poured in and joined the citizens, and thus they drove the enemy entirely from the state of Genoa. The Genoese celebrated, with great rejoicing, this recovery of their liberty; with great solemnity they drew through the streets their mortar which had occasioned this revolution. The Austrian army, destined for the expedition against Provence, marched to, and blocked up, Genoa; but France sent the citizens aid—the Duke de Richelieu saved the republic, and the senate erected a statue in honor of him.

A window was once the cause of a war, and very oddly, too. When the palace of Trianon was building for Louis XIV., at the end of the park, at Versailles, the king, one day, went to inspect it accompanied by Louvois secretary at war, and superintendent of the building. The sovereign and the minister were walking together, when the king remarked that one of the windows was out of shape and smaller than the rest: this Louvois denied, asserting that he could not perceive the least difference. Louis had it measured, and finding that he was right in his observation, treated Louvois with contumely, before the whole court. This so incensed the minister, that when he reached home he was heard to say he would find better employment for a sovereign than that of insulting his favourites; Louvois was as good as his word; for by his haughtiness and ill-temper, he insulted the other leading powers of Europe, and occasioned the sanguinary war of 1689 between Louis, on the one side, and the Empire, Holland, and England, on the other. The treaty of Ryswick, in 1697, terminated the war, by which Louis gained nothing, acknowledged William III. as King of Great Britain, and restored the Duke of Lorraine to his dominions.

These, we may observe, for the present, are but a few of the historical instances of "Great Events from Little Causes."

PROSPER MERIMEE.

Rarely in these days of profuse and unscrupulous scribblings, do we find an author giving the essence, not a dilution of his wit, learning, and imagination, dispensing his mental stores with frugal caution, instead of lavishing them with reckless prodigality. Such a one, when met with, should be made much of, as a model for sinners, in a contrary sense, and as a bird of precious plumage.

Of that feather is Monsieur Prosper Merimee. He plays with literature rather than professes it; it is his recreation not his trade; at long intervals and for a brief space, he turns from more serious pursuits to coquet with the Muse, not frankly to embrace her. Willing though she be, he will not take her for a lawful spouse and constant companion, but courts her *par amours*. The offspring of these moments of dalliance, are buxom and *debonair*, of various but comely aspect.

In two-and-twenty years he has written less than the annual produce of many of his literary countrymen. In several paths of literature, he has essayed his steps, and made good a footing: in not one has he continuously persevered, but although cheered by applause, has quickly struck into another track, which in its turn has been capriciously deserted.

His "Studies of Roman History," give him an honorable claim to the title of historian; his "Notes of Archaeological Rambles," are greatly esteemed; he has written plays; and his prose fictions, whether middle age romance or novel of modern society, rank with the best of their class.

He began his career with a mystification. His first work greatly puzzled the critics. It professed to be a translation of certain comedies, written by a Spanish actress, whose fictitious biography was prefixed and signed by Joseph L'Estrange, officer in the Swiss regiment of Watteville. This imaginary personage had made acquaintance with Clara Gazul in garrison at Gibraltar.

Nothing was neglected that might perfect the delusion and give success to the cheat; fragments of old Spanish authors were prefixed to each play, showing familiarity with the literature of the country; the style, tone, and allusions were thoroughly Spanish; and through the French dress, the Castilian idiom seemed here and there to peep forth, confirming the notion of a translation. Clara was an Andalusian, half Gipsy, half Moor, skilled in guitars and castanets, saynets and boleros. L'Estrange makes her narrate her own origin.

"I was born," she told us, "under an orange tree, by the road-side, not far from Motril, in the kingdom of Granada. My mother was a fortune teller, and I followed her, or was carried on her back, till the age of five years. Then she took me to the house of a canon of Granada, the licentiate Gil Vargas, who received us with every demonstration of joy. Salute your uncle, said my mother. I saluted him. She embraced me and departed. I have never seen her since." And to stop our questions, Dona Clara took her guitar and sang the gipsy song "Quando me pario mi madre, la gitana."

Biography and comedies were so skilfully got up, the deception was so well combined, that the reviewers were put entirely on a wrong scent. Two years later, M. Merimee was guilty of another harmless literary swindle, entitled *La Guzla*, a selection of Illyrian poems, said to be collected in Bosnia, Dalmatia, &c., but whose real origin could be traced no farther than to his own imagination.

Although the name was a manifest anagram of *Gazul*, the public were gulled. The deceit was first unmasked in Germany, we believe by Goethe, to whom the secret had been betrayed. Thenceforward the young author was contented to publish under his own name works of which he certainly had no reason to be ashamed.

One of the earliest of these was, "La Jacquerie"—a sort of long melodrama, or series of scenes, illustrating feudal aggressions and cruelties in France, and the consequent peasant revolts of the 14th century. It shows much historical research and care in collection of materials, is rich in references to the barbarous customs and strange manners of the times, and, like the "Chronicle of Charles

IX," another historical work of M. Merimee's, has we suspect, been found very useful by more recent fabricators of romances.

Educated for the bar, but not practising his profession, M. Merimee was one of the rising men of talent whom the July revolution pushed forward. After being "chef de cabinet" of the Minister of the Interior, Count D'Argout, he held several appointments under government, amongst others that of Inspector of Historical Monuments, an office he still retains. In 1844 he was elected to a chair in the French Academy, vacant by the death of the accomplished Charles Nodier.

He has busied himself much with archaeological researches, and the published results of his travels in the west of France, Provence, Corsica, &c., are most learned and valuable. In the intervals of his antiquarian investigations and administrative labors, he has thrown off a number of tales and sketches, most of which first saw the light in leading French periodicals, and have since been collected and republished. They are all remarkable for grace of style and tact in management of subject.

One of the longest "Colomba," a tale of Corsican life, is better known in England than its author's name. It has been translated with accuracy and spirit, and lately has been further brought before the public on the boards of a minor theatre, distorted into a very indifferent melo-drama.

The Corsican Vendetta has been taken as the basis of more than one romantic story, but, handled by M. Merimee, it has acquired new and fascinating interest; and he has enriched his little romance with a profusion of those small traits and artistical touches which exhibit the character and peculiarities of a people better than folios of dry description.

"La Double Meprise," another of his longer tales, is a clever novel ette of Parisian life. According to English notions, its subject is slippery, its main incidents, and some of its minor details improbable and unpleasant, although so neatly managed that one is less startled when reading them than shocked on after reflection.

It certainly requires skilful management to give an air of probability to such a scene as is described in chapter five. A French "gentleman," a man of fortune and family, mixing in good society, is anxious for an appointment at court, and to obtain it he reckons much on the influence and good word of a certain Duke of H—.

There is a benefit night at the opera, and the young wife of the aspirant to court honors has a box. Between the acts, her husband, who has unwillingly accompanied her, rambles about the house, and discovers the Duke in an inconvenient corner, where he can see nothing. His grace is not alone, but in the society of his kept mistress. To propitiate his patron, the unscrupulous husband introduces him and his companion into the box of his unsuspecting wife!

The sequel may be imagined; the stare and titter of acquaintances, the supercilious gratitude of the Duke, the astonishment of the lady at the singular tone of the pretty and elegantly dressed woman with whom she is thus unexpectedly brought in contact, and whose want of "usage" bespeaks, as she imagines, the newly arrived provincial.

All this, which might pass muster in a novel depicting the manners and morals of the Regency, is rather violent in one of our day; but yet, so cleverly are the angles of improbability draped and softened down, the reader perseveres.

The plot is very slight; the tale scarcely depends on it, but is what the French call a "tableau du mœurs," with less pretensions to the regular process and catastrophe of a novel, than to be a mirror of everyday scenes and actors on the bustling stage of Paris life. The characters are well drawn, the dialogues witty and dramatic, the book abounds in sly hints and smart satire; but its bitterness of tone injured its popularity, and unlike its author's other tales it met with little success. The opening chapter is a picture of a lively Parisian "menage," such as many doubtless exist; a striking example of a "marriage de convenance," or mis-match.

"Six years had elapsed since the marriage of Julie de Chaverny, and five years and six months, or thereabouts, since she had discovered that it was impossible for her to love her husband, and very difficult to esteem him. He was not a bad man, neither could he be called stupid, nor even silly; she had once thought him agreeable; now she found him intolerably wearisome. To her everything about him was repulsive and unpleasant.

His most trifling actions, his way of eating, of taking coffee, of talking, gave her umbrage, and irritated her nerves. Except at table, the pair scarcely saw or spoke to each other; but they dined together several times a week, and that sufficed to keep up the sort of hatred Julia entertained towards her husband.

"As to Chaverny, he was rather a handsome man, a little too corpulent for his time of life, with a fresh complexion, full blooded, and by no means subject to those vague uneasinesses which sometimes torment persons of more intellectual organization. Piously convinced that his wife's sentiments towards him were those of tender friendship, the conviction caused him neither pleasure nor pain. Had he known Julia's feelings to be of an opposite nature, it would have made little difference to his happiness.

"He had served several years in a cavalry regiment, when he inherited a considerable fortune, became disgusted with garrison life, resigned his commission and took a wife. It seems difficult to explain the marriage of two persons who had not an idea in common.

"On the one hand, a number of those officious friends and relations, who, as Phrosine says, would marry the republic of Venice to the Grand Turk, had taken much pains to arrange it; on the other, Chaverny was of good family; before his marriage he was not too fat; he was gay and cheerful, and what is called a "good fellow."

"Julia was glad to see him at her mother's house, because he made her laugh with anecdotes of his regiment, droll enough, if not always in the best taste. She found him amiable, because he danced with her at every ball, and was always ready with excellent reasons to persuade her mother to remain late at theatre, or party, or at the "Bois de Boulogne."

"Finally she thought him a hero, because he had fought two or three creditable duels. But what completed his triumph, was the description of a certain carriage to be built after a plan of his own, and in which he was to drive Julia, as soon as she consented to become Madame de Chaverny.

"A few months of married life, and Chaverny's good qualities had lost much of their merit. He no longer danced with his wife—that of course. His funny stories had been long thrice told. He complained that balls lasted too late; at the theatre he yawned; the custom of dressing for the evening he found to be an insufferable bore.

"Laziness was his bane; had he endeavored to please, perhaps he would have succeeded, but the least exertion or restraint was torture to him, as to most fat persons. He found it irksome to go into society, because there the

manner of one's reception depends on the efforts one makes to please. A rude joviality suited him better than refined amusements; to distinguish himself amongst persons of a similar taste to his own, he had only to talk and laugh louder than his companions—and that he did without trouble, for his lungs were remarkably vigorous.

"He also prided himself on drinking more champagne than most men could support, and on leaping his horse over a four foot wall in true sporting style. To these various accomplishments he was indebted for the friendship and esteem of the indefinable class of beings known as "young men," who swarm upon our "boulevards" towards eight in the evening.

"Shooting parties, country excursions, races, bachelors' dinners, and suppers, were his favourite pastimes. Twenty times a day he declared himself the happiest of mortals; and when Julia heard the declaration, she cast her eyes to heaven, and her little mouth assumed an expression of indescribable contempt."

We turn to another of M. Merimee's books, in our opinion his best, an historical romance, entitled 1572, a "Chronicle of the Reign of Charles the Ninth."

"In history," says the author in his preface, "I care only for the anecdotes, and prefer those in which I fancy I can discover a true picture of the manners and characters of a particular period. This is not a very elevated taste; but I own to my shame, that I would willingly give the whole of Thucydides for an authentic memoir of Aspasia, or of one of Pericles' slaves. Memoirs, the familiar gossip of an author with his reader, alone supply those individual portraits that amuse and interest me.

"It is not from Mezerai, but from Montlue, Brantome, D'Aubigne, Tavan-nes, La Noue &c, that one forms a just idea of the French of the 16th century. From the style of these contemporary authors, we learn as much as from the substance of their narratives. In L'Estoile for instance, I read the following concise note.

"The demoselle de Chateaufort, one of the king's 'mignonnes,' before he went to Poland having espoused, 'par amourettes,' the Florentine Antinotti, officer of the galleys at Marseilles, and detecting him in an intrigue, slew him stoutly with her own hand."

"By the help of this anecdote, and of similar ones which abound in Brantome, I make up a character in my head, and resuscitate a lady of Henry the Third's court."

The "Chronicle" is the result of much reading and combination of the kind here referred to: and M. Merimee has even been accused of adhering too closely to reality, to the detriment of the poetical character of his romance. He does not make his heroes and heroines sufficiently perfect, or his villains sufficiently atrocious, to suit the palate of some critics, but depicts them as he finds evidence of their having existed—their virtues obscured by the coarse manners and loose morality, their crimes palliated by the religious antipathies and stormy political passions of a semi-civilized age. He declines judging the men of the 16th century according to the ideas of the 19. And with regard to minor matters, he does not, like some of his contemporaries, place in the mouth of a Huguenot leader, or a "Guisarde" countess, the tame and dainty phrase appropriate enough in that of an equerry, or the lady of the bed chamber, at the court of the Citizen King. Eschewing conventionality, and following his own judgment, and the guidance of the old chroniclers, in whose quaint records he delights, he has written one of the best existing French historical romances.

It would have been easy for a less able writer than M. Merimee to have extended the "Chronique" to thrice its present length. It is not a complete romance, but a desultory sketch of the events and manners of the time, with a few imaginary personages introduced. Novel readers who require a regular denouement will be disappointed at its conclusion. There is not even a hint of a wedding from the first page to the last; and the only lady who plays a prominent part in the story, a certain countess Diane de Turgis, is little better than she should be. And yet, if we follow M. Merimee's rule, and judge her according to the ideas and morals of the age she flourished in, she was rather an amiable and proper sort of person. True, she sets her lovers by the ears, and feels gratified when they cut each other's throats; she even challenges a court dame, who has taken the precedence of her, to an encounter with sword and dagger, *en chemise*, according to the prevailing mode amongst the *raffines*, or professed duellists of the time; and she writes seductive billets-doux in Spanish, and gives wicked little suppers to the handsome cavalier on whom her affections are set. But, on the other hand, she goes to mass, and confesses, and does her best to save her Huguenot lover's body and soul, and obtain the remission of her own sins by converting him from his heresy. So that, as time went in the year 1572, she was to be reckoned amongst the righteous. The handsome heretic, in whose present safety and future salvation she takes so strong an interest, is one Bernard de Mergy, who has come to Paris to take service with the great chief of his co-religionists, Admiral Coligny. His brother, George de Mergy, has deserted the creed of Calvin, and is consequently in high favour at the Louvre, but under the ban of his father, a stern old Huguenot officer, who will not hear the name of his renegade son. Bernard, whilst regretting his brother's apostasy, does not deem it necessary to shun his society. On the road he has been cajoled or robbed of his ready cash by a pretty gipsy girl, and his good horse has been stolen by one of the hordes of German lanzknechts, whom the recent civil war had brought to France. He reaches Paris with an empty purse, and is not sorry to meet his brother, who welcomes him kindly, and supplies his wants, but refuses to recant, and attempts to justify his backsliding. In the course of his defence he gives an insight into the prevalent corruption of the time, and shows how the private vices of great political leaders often marred the fortunes of their party.

"You were still at school," said De Mergy, "learning Latin and Greek, when I first donned the cuirass, girded the Huguenot's white scarf, and took share in our civil wars. Your little Prince of Conde, who has led his party into so many errors, looked after your affairs when his intrigues left him time. A lady loved me; the prince asked me to resign her to him; I refused, and he became my mortal enemy. From that hour he lost no opportunity of mortifying me.

Ce petit prince si joli
Qui toujours baise sa mignonne,

held me up to the fanatics of the party as a monster of libertinism and irreligion. I have only one mistress; and as to the irreligion,—I let others do as they like, why attack me?"

"I thought the prince incapable of such baseness," said Bernard.

"He is dead," replied his brother, "and you have defied him. 'Tis the way of the world. He had great qualities; he died like a brave man, and I have forgiven him. But then he was powerful, and on the part of a poor gentleman like myself, it was guilt to resist him. All the preachers and hypocrites of the

army set upon me, but I cared as little for their abuse as for their sermons. At last one of the prince's gentlemen, to curry favour with his master, called me libertine, before all our captains. I struck him, we fought—and he was killed. At that time there were a dozen duels a day in the army, and no notice taken. In my favour an exception was made; I was fixed upon by the prince to serve as an example. The entreaties of the other leaders, including the Admiral, procured my pardon. But the prince's rancour was not yet appeased. At the fight of Jazeneuil, I commanded a company: I had been foremost in the skirmish, my cuirass battered and broken by bullets, my left arm pierced by a lance, showed that I had not spared myself. I had only twenty men left, and a battalion of the king's Swiss guards advanced against us. The prince of Conde ordered me to charge them; I asked for two companies of *reîtres*, and he called me coward.

"Mergy rose and approached his brother with an expression of strong interest. The captain continued—his eyes flashing with anger at the recollection of the insult:—

"He called me coward before all those popinjays in gilt armour who afterwards abandoned him on the battle-field of Jarnac. I resolved to die, and rushing upon the Swiss—vowing, if I escaped with life, never again to draw sword for that unjust prince. Grievously wounded, thrown from my horse, one of the Duke of Anjou's gentlemen, Beville—the mad fellow whom we dined with to-day—saved my life, and presented me to the duke. He treated me well. I was eager for vengeance. They urged me to take service under my benefactor, the Duke of Anjou; they quoted the line—

Omne solum ferti patria est, ut piscibus æquor.

I was indignant to see the Protestants summoning foreigners to their assistance. But why disguise the real motive that actuated me? I thirsted for revenge, and became a Catholic, in hopes of meeting the Prince of Conde in fair fight, and killing him. A coward forestalled me, and the manner of the prince's death almost made me forget my hatred. I saw his bloody corpse abandoned to the insults of the soldiery; I rescued it from their hands, and covered it with my cloak. I was pledged to the Catholics; I commanded a squadron of their cavalry; I could not leave them. I have happily been able to render some service to my former party; I have done my best to soften the fury of religious animosities, and have been fortunate enough to save several of my friends."

"Oliver de Basseville tells every body he owes you his life."

"Behold me then a Catholic," continued George, in a calmer voice. "The religion is as good as another; and then it is an easy and pleasant one. See yonder pretty Madonna: 'tis the portrait of an Italian courtesan; but the bigots praise my piety when I cross myself before it. My word for it, I get on vastly better with Rome than Geneva. By making trifling sacrifices to the opinions of the canaille, I live as I like. I must go to mass—very good! I go there and stare at the pretty women. I must have a confessor—parbleu! I have one, a jolly Franciscan and ex dragoon, who for a crown-piece gives me a ticket of confession, and delivers my billets-doux to his pretty penitents into the bargain. Mort de ma vie! Vive la messe!"

"Mergy could not restrain a smile.

"There is my breviary," continued the Captain, throwing his brother a richly-bound book, fastened with silver clasps, and enclosed in a velvet case. "Such a missal as that is well worth your prayer-books."

"Mergy read on the back of the volume. Heures de la Cour.

"The binding is handsome," he said, disdainfully returning the book.

"The captain smiled, and opening it again handed it to him. Mergy then read upon the first page: *La vie tres-horifique du grand Gargantua, pere de Pantagruel: composee par M. Alcofribas, abstracteur de Quintessence.*"

Thus, in a single page, does M. Merimee place before us a picture of the times, with their mixture of fanaticism and irreligion, their shameful political profligacy and private immorality. Bernard de Mergy cannot prevail with his brother to return to the conventicle: so he accompanies him to mass—not to pray, but hoping to obtain a glimpse of Madame de Turgis, whom he has already seen masked in the street, and whose graceful form and high reputation for beauty have made strong impression on the imagination of this novice in court gallantries. On entering the sacristy, they find the preacher, a jolly monk, surrounded by a dozen young rakes, with whom he bandies jokes more witty than wise.

"Ah," cried Beville, "here is the Captain! Come, George, give us a text. Father Lubin has promised to preach on any one we propose."

"Yes," said the monk; "but make haste. Mort de ma vie! I ought to be in the pulpit already."

"Peste! Father Lubin, you swear like the king," cried the Captain.

"I bet he would not swear in his sermon," said Beville.

"Why not; if the fancy took me!" stoutly retorted the Franciscan.

"Ten pistoles you do not."

"Ten pistoles? Done."

"Beville," cried the Captain "I go half in your wager."

"No, no!" replied his friend, "I will not share the reverend's money; and if he wins, by my faith! I shall not regret mine. An oath in pulpit is well worth ten pistoles."

"They are already won," said Father Lubin; "I begin my sermon with three oaths. Ah! Messieurs les Gentilhommes, because you have rapier on hip, and plume in hat, you would monopolise the talent of swearing. We will see."

"He left the sacristy, and in an instant was in his pulpit. There was silence in the church. The preacher scanned the crowded congregation as though seeking his bettor; and when he discovered him leaning against a column exactly opposite the pulpit, he knit his brows, put his arms akimbo, and in an angry tone thus began:

"My dear Brethren,

"Par la vertu!—par la mort!—par le sang!"

"A murmur of surprise and indignation interrupted the preacher, or, it were more correctly said, filled the pause he intentionally left.

"de Dieu," continued the Franciscan, in a devout nasal whine, "we are saved and delivered from punishment."

"A general burst of laughter interrupted him a second time. Beville took his purse from his girdle and shook it at the preacher as an admission that he had lost."

The sermon that follows is in character with its commencement. Whilst awaiting its conclusion, Bernard de Mergy in vain seeks the Countess de Turgis; it is only when leaving the church that his brother points her out to him. She is escorted by a young man, of slight figure and effeminate mien, dressed with studied negligence. This is the terrible Count de Comminges, the duellist of the day, the chief of those raffines who fought on every pretext, and often on no pretext at all. He had had nearly a hundred duels, and a challenge from him was held equivalent to a ticket for the hospital, if not to sentence of

death. "Comminges once summoned a man to the Pre-aux-Clercs, then the classic duelling-ground. They stripped off their doublets, and drew their swords. 'Are you not Berny of Auvergne?' inquired Comminges. 'Certainly not,' replied his antagonist; 'my name is Veillequier, and I am from Normandy.'

'So much the worse,' quoth Comminges, 'I took you for another man; but since I have challenged you we must fight.' They fought accordingly, and the unlucky Norman was killed." Since the death of Monsieur de Lannoy, slain at the siege of Orleans, Madame de Turgis is without a lover. Comminges aspires to the vacant post; his attentions are rather tolerated than encouraged; but he seems determined that if he does not succeed, nobody else shall, for he has constituted himself her constant attendant, and a wholesome dread of his formidable rapier keeps off rivals. He has sworn to kill all who present themselves.

By the interest of Coligny, whom Charles the Ninth affects to favour whilst he plots his death, Bernard de Mergy receives a commission in the army preparing for a campaign in Flanders. He goes to court to thank the king, and the following scene passes.

"The court was at the Chateau de Madrid. The queen-mother, surrounded by her ladies, waited in her apartment for the king to come to breakfast. The king, followed by the princes, slowly traversed the gallery, in which were assembled the nobles and gentlemen who were to accompany him to the chase. With an absent air he listened to the remarks of his courtiers, and made abrupt replies. When he passed before the two brothers, the Captain bent his knee, and presented the newly-made officer. Mergy bowed profoundly, and thanked his majesty for the favour shown him before he had earned it.

"'ria! is it you of whom my father the Admiral spoke? You are Captain George's brother?'

"'Yes sire.'

"'Catholic or Protestant?'

"'Sire, I am a Protestant.'

"'I ask from idle curiosity. The devil take me if I care of what religion are those who serve me well.'

"And having uttered those memorable words, the king entered the queen's apartments. A few moments later, a swarm of ladies spread themselves over the gallery, as if sent to enable the gentlemen to wait with patience. I shall speak but of one of the beauties of that court, were they so greatly abounded; of the Countess de Turgis, who plays an important part in this history. She wore an elegant riding-dress, and had not yet put on her mask. Her complexion, of dazzling but uniform whiteness, contrasted with her jet-black hair; her well-arched eye-brows, slightly joining, gave a proud expression to her physiognomy, without diminishing its graceful beauty. At first, the sole expression of her blue eye seemed one of disdainful haughtiness; but when animated in conversation, their pupils, dilated like those of a cat, seemed to emit sparks, and few men, even of the most audacious, could long sustain their magical power.

"'The Countess de Turgis—how lovely she looks!' murmured the courtiers, pressing forward to see her better. Mergy, close to whom she passed, was so struck by her beauty, that he forgot to make way till her large silken sleeves rustled against his doublet. She remarked his emotion without displeasure, and for a moment deigned to fix her magnificent eyes on those of the young Protestant, who felt his cheek glow under her gaze. The Countess smiled and passed on, letting one of her gloves fall before our hero, who, still motionless and fascinated, neglected to pick it up. Instantly a fair haired youth, (it was no other than Comminges,) who stood behind Mergy, pushed him rudely in passing before him, seized the glove, kissed it respectfully, and presented it to Madame de Turgis. Without thanking him, the lady turned towards Mergy with a look of crushing contempt; and observing Captain George at his side, 'Captain,' said she, very loud, 'where does that great clown spring from? He must be some Huguenot, judging from his courtsey.'

"The laughter of the bystanders completed the embarrassment of the unlucky Bernard.

"'He is my brother, madam,' was George's quiet reply; 'he has been three days at Paris, and by my honour! he is not more awkward than Lannoy was, before you undertook his education.'

"The Countess coloured slightly. 'An unkind jest, Captain,' she said: 'Speak not ill of the dead. Give me your hand; I have a message to you from a lady whom you have offended.'

"The Captain respectfully took her hand and led her to the recess of a distant window. Before she reached it, she once more turned her head to look at Mergy.

"Still dazzled by the apparition of the beautiful Countess, whom he longed to look at but dared not, Mergy felt a gentle tap on his shoulder. He turned and beheld the Baron de Vaudreuil, who drew him aside, to speak to him, as he said, without fear of interruption.

"My dear fellow,' the Baron began, 'you are a stranger at court, and are probably not yet acquainted with its customs?'

"Mergy looked at him with astonishment.

"Your brother is engaged, and not able to advise you; if agreeable to you I will replace him. You have been gravely insulted; and seeing you in this pensive attitude, I doubt not you meditate revenge.'

"Revenge on whom?' cried Mergy, reddening to the very white of his eyes.

"Were you not just now rudely pushed aside by little Comminges? The whole court witnessed the affront, and expect you to notice it suitably.

"But, said Mergy, 'in as crowded a room as this an accidental push is nothing very extraordinary.'

"M de Mergy, I have not the honour to be intimate with you: but your brother is my particular friend, and he will tell you that I practice as much as possible the divine precept of forgiveness of injuries. I do not wish to embark you in a bad quarrel, but at the same time it is my duty to tell you that Comminges did not push you accidentally. He pushed you, because he wished to insult you; and if he had not pushed you, you would still be insulted: for by picking up Madame de Turgis's glove, he usurped your right. The glove was at your feet, ergo it was for you alone to raise and return it. And you have but to look around; you will see Comminges telling the story and laughing at you.

"Mergy turned about. Comminges was surrounded by five or six young men, to whom he laughingly narrated something which they listened to with curious interest. Nothing proved that his conduct was under discussion; but at the words of his charitable counsellor, Mergy felt his heart swell with fury.

"I will speak to him after the hunt,' he said, 'and he shall tell me—'

"'Oh! never put off a good resolution: besides, you offend Heaven much less in challenging your adversary immediately after the offence than in doing it when you have had time to reflect. In a moment of irritation which is but a venial offence, you agree to fight; and if you afterwards fulfil your agreement, it is only to avoid committing a far greater sin, that of breaking your word. But I forgot that you are a Protestant. Nevertheless, arrange a meeting with him at once. I will bring you together.'

"I trust he will not refuse to make a fitting apology.'

"Undeceive yourself, comrade. Comminges never yet said I was wrong. But he is a man of strict honour, and will give you every satisfaction.'

"Mergy made an effort to suppress his emotion and assume an indifferent air.

"Since I have been insulted,' he said, 'I must have satisfaction. And whatever kind may be necessary, I shall know how to insist upon it.'

"Well spoken, my brave friend; your boldness pleases me, for you of course know that Comminges is one of our best swordsmen. Par ma foi! he handles his blade right cunningly. He took lessons at Rome of Brambilla, and Petit Jean will fence with him no longer.' And whilst speaking Vaudreuil attentively watched the countenance of Mergy, who was pale, but from anger at the offence offered him rather than from apprehension of its consequences.

"I would willingly be your second in this affair, but I take the sacrament to-morrow, and moreover, I am engaged to M de Rheiney, and cannot draw sword against any but him.'

"I thank you, sir. If necessary my brother will second me.'

"The captain is perfectly at home in these affairs. Meanwhile, I will bring Comminges to speak with you.'

"Mergy bowed, and turning to the wall, did his best to compose his countenance and arrange what he should say.

[To be concluded next week.]

CONSTANTINOPLE AND THE DECLINING STATE OF THE OTTOMAN EMPIRE.

(BEING A FEW PAGES FROM MY EASTERN DIARY.)

At half-past seven in the evening, we left Smyrna by the Scamandre, a French government steamer, and were soon gliding over a sea smooth as glass. The soft tints of the twilight spread gradually around us, and to a beautiful day there succeeded one of those marvellous nights, during which one cannot bring one's self to the determination of retiring to rest.

The dawn of day surprised me on deck. In the morning we neared the land which presented to our view a desert plain, covered with dwarf oak. This was the site of ancient Troy; we were coasting near those famous fields, ubi Troja fuit; that stream which was throwing itself before our eyes into the sea, was formerly called the "Simois;" those two hillocks which we saw upon the coast, were the tombs of Hector and Patroclus; that huge blue mountain which in the distance raised towards the sky in three peaks covered with snow, was Ida; and behind us, from the midst of the sparkling waves rose the island of Tenedos. All conversation between the passengers from many nations had long since ceased, and I contemplated in silence that grim desert, which, at Eton, I had dreamed of as full of movement and sound, and that calm sea which I had so often figured to myself as covered with the ships of Agamemnon, of Ulysses, and of Achilles the

"Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer."

At mid day we entered the Dardanelles, and several hours afterwards we cast anchor between Sestos and Abydos, before a small white town containing no remarkable objects. Sestos and Abydos, which it must be owned would not be by any means celebrated, were it not for the enterprises which cost Leander his life and Lord Byron an ague, are two hamlets, which, like the greater portion of Turkish villages, offer in no shape whatever what it is the fashion to term the Oriental type. They are composed of an assemblage of rose coloured houses, whose large red roofs, seen through the verdure and flowers, call to one's mind the description of a Chinese village.

Upon its arrival, the Scamandre was immediately surrounded by a multitude of caicks filled with bearded Turks, veiled women, and various coloured bales. Upon deck rose a deafening babel of voices;—the sailors swore, the women screamed, and the porters fought, until at length quiet was restored, and one hundred and eighty-six new Mussulman passengers came on board the steamer. Amid the caicks ranged along the sides of the vessel, was one much more richly freighted than the rest; the traveller to whom it belonged was a young Arab, who, standing on a pile of bales, domineered over his boatmen by several feet.

His white garments set off to advantage his dark complexion; and a cloak of black wool, profusely embroidered with gold lace, drew upon him the eyes of all. I had seldom, if ever, beheld a head more beautiful or more expressive than that of the young man. His large black eyes were full of intelligence, and in his bearing was a natural nobility and pride. As long as the confusion, described above, continued, he directed his boatmen to keep at a distance, but when all were embarked, and the Scamandre was ready to start, he hailed the vessel, and having mounted the side-ladders, gave his hand to six veiled women in succession, whose long white dominos prevented the spectators from even guessing at their age or beauty. The young man, once on board, conducted his adalques to a fore-cabin, placed a hideous negro at the door as sentinel, and returned immediately to the deck, where another negro presented him with a nargouleh (Turkish water-pipe).

Nothing can less resemble our regular fortifications than the fort of Gallipoli, (before which soon after we passed,) and the other castles of the Dardanelles, which ought to render Constantinople the most impregnable place in the world (from the sea.) The forts are large buildings of a dazzling white colour, perforated with port-holes, similar to those belonging to a ship of war and mounted with old guns, the greater portion of which are without carriages, and served, ordinarily, by a single artillery-man, assisted in time of war by three or four peasants. In the present century, however, these batteries have shown their prowess, and against our own countrymen too. During the month of February 1807 the British government, justly irritated at the increasing influence that the French ambassador, Count Sebastiani, was obtaining at the Ottoman court, despatched Admiral Sir John Duckworth, in command of a squadron, with orders to bombard, if necessary, the Seraglio itself. Unfortunately, Sir John Duckworth's plan of acting was exactly contrary to what would have been our gallant Nelson's in the same position. After having passed without difficulty before the then disarmed castles of the Dardanelles, after having burned the Ottoman fleet of Gallipoli, while the crews were peaceably celebrating on shore the

*It was a rule with the *raffines* not to commence a new quarrel so long as there was an old one to terminate.

feast of Courban-Beiram, Sir John presented himself off Constantinople, and threatened to bombard that city, should the Sultan refuse to accept the conditions he offered, at the same time he allowed his Imperial Highness two days to consider the terms; Nelson would have allowed as many hours only. The folly of Admiral Duckworth's conduct was fully shown in the sequel, for, at the conclusion of the forty-eight hours, the approaches to Stamboul and Galata were bristling—thanks to the delay accorded, and to the exertions of the French ambassador—with twelve hundred pieces of cannon; while, at the same time, orders having been sent to the castles of the Dardanelles to mount their batteries, the British squadron was hemmed in on all sides, as if by enchantment. The besieged now became the aggressors, and there soon remained to Admiral Duckworth no other resource than to weigh anchor and get away as fast as possible, which he accordingly did. The batteries of the Dardanelles were now, however, prepared for him. A most destructive fire was opened upon the ill-fated fleet: two corvettes were sunk off Gallipoli; the Admiral's flag-ship, the Royal-George, lost her mainmast: a huge marble ball, weighing eight hundred pounds, swept away a quantity of hands from the lower deck of the Standard, while many officers and seamen were severely wounded. It must be here observed, that the batteries of the Dardanelles owed much of the murderous effect of their cannonading to the skill of eight French engineer officers, whom Count Sebastiani, profiting by the delay accorded by Admiral Duckworth to the Sultan, had despatched to the castles.

These historical reminiscences did not prevent my thoughts occasionally reverting to the six odalisques, who formed the suite of the young Arab on board. Ever since their arrival, I had been reflecting that in all probability never would so excellent an opportunity offer itself of penetrating the secrets of a Mussulman harem, and of assuring myself of the vaunted beauty of the mysterious women of Asia.

As soon as we were again in motion, I began to watch the black Argus to whose guard the fair hours were intrusted. For more than an hour I lurked without success about the fore hatchway, for, faithful to his trust, the slave was lying at the threshold of the door that closed upon his young mistresses; and I was on the point of losing all patience, when I beheld him suddenly rise and mount rapidly on deck. He had no sooner disappeared than I glided into his place, and having applied my eye to a large chink in the door, cast a most indiscreet glance into the cabin.

In front of me two women were seated upon their heels, one of them had aside her veil; and I was gazing in admiration upon a pale but beautiful face, set off by two immense black and brilliant eyes, when suddenly I heard behind me the sound of hurried steps. It was the negro returning to his post, who, on perceiving me, began to cry out most lustily. Having no desire to commence a contest with him, I proceeded to mount the hatchway and gain the deck.

The exasperated slave, however, followed me, and hurrying to his master, proceeded to inform him of my escapade, pointing at the same time to me. Two old Turks leaped immediately to their feet with fury depicted on their features; and one of them placed his hand upon the hilt of his cangiar, and pronounced in a voice half-choked with passion the word "Ghaur," (infidel); in answer to which, I politely told him, (as I was a good Turkish scholar,) to mind his own business, and that I was rather inclined to consider him the greater infidel of the two. He looked both rather surprised and vexed at this, but did not attempt to retort.

As to the young Arab, he proved himself to be a man of sense; for, contenting himself with smiling at his infuriated attendant, he descended to the cabin of his odalisques, from whence he did not emerge during the remainder of the voyage. I did not again see him, and never knew who was the Mussulman so handsome and at the same time so little fanatical.

The strait through which we had navigated all day, gradually widened as we advanced; the shores as they receded were covered with opal tints; the vessel began to roll, and we entered the sea of Marmora. At sunset the Mussulmans with whom the deck was crowded collected in groups, and devoutly said their evening prayer.

To take no notice of the satirical smiles, which the strangeness of their attitudes called forth from several unreflecting travellers, who, by wanting in respect for the usages of the countries through which they were passing, lowered themselves immensely in the estimation of the inhabitants. The irritation excited by the ill-timed railleries of such foolish persons, is no doubt one of the chief causes of the hatred in which Christians are held in Turkey. Surely nothing could be less calculated to excite mockery, than the sight of the Mussulman travellers at their evening devotions; besides, be it had in mind, that upon this Christian vessel, scarcely a Christian perhaps was thinking of his God, while not a single Mahometan was to be seen unengaged in prayer, as the sun sunk below the horizon.

The following morning I was early upon deck. The sun had not yet risen and the air was fresh and invigorating; while upon the white, heavy, oily sea, was a slight fog, which the breeze was dispersing in flakes. Around us a quantity of porpoises were either splashing in the midst of the waves or floating like buoys upon the surface. The most profound silence reigned upon the deck of the steamer. Wet with the night-dews, the half-slumbering seamen of the watch were seated in a circle near the funnel; while numberless Turks, rolled up in their yellow coverlets striped with red, were sleeping forward beneath the netting: the steersman at the wheel and the man on the look-out were alone really wide awake. Suddenly, I perceived dawning in the east a greenish light which became yellow as it ascended in the heavens; the low and flat shore appeared like a black line upon this luminous back ground, and by degrees the sea resumed its azure tint. An hour afterwards we were within cannon shot of the Seraglio; but, alas! a thick fog covered the city. Constantinople was invisible—and I was deploring the mischance which was depriving me of a long anticipated pleasure, when suddenly the sun shone forth brightly, and the fog acquired as if by enchantment a wonderful transparency. The curtain was, as it were, torn to bits, and from all quarters at once there appeared to my dazzled eyes forests of minarets with gilded peaks, thousands of cupolas blazing in the light, hills covered with many-coloured houses, surrounded by verdure; an immense succession of palaces with grotesque windows, blue roofed mosques, groves of cypress-trees and sycamores, gardens full of flowers, a port filled as far as the eye could discern with ships, masts, and flags, in a word, the whole enchanted city, which resembles less an immense capital than an endless succession of lovely kiosks, built in a boundless park having lakes for docks, mountains for back-ground, forests for thickets, fleets for boats,—in fine, an incomparable spot, and at the same time so grand and elegant, that it seems to have been designed by fairies, and executed by giants.

Several writers have compared the view of Constantinople to that of Naples. I cannot, however, agree with them. Any one can figure the latter capital,

whilst, on the contrary, the City of the Sultan surpasses all that imagination can picture. Our enchantment, however, was of short duration: the vapours again became condensed, the view was gradually covered with a rosy haze, then became dim, and Constantinople disappeared from before us like a dream. The Scamandre, which had stopped for a few minutes, was again put in motion, and having rounded the Seraglio, cast anchor in the midst of the strait which separates Stamboul (the Turkish quarter) from Galata, (the European faubourg.) In a moment the deck of our vessel was one scene of confusion: the sailors were running to and fro, while the passengers were rushing one against another, vociferating after their baggage.

Around the vessel there kept gliding two or three hundred black caïcks, rowed by half-naked boatmen; and notwithstanding the orders to the contrary, a quantity of Maltese sailors, Turkish porters, and Levantine ciceroni came on board, and literally took us by storm, bawling out their offers of service, in almost every known language. Clouds of blue pigeons, and whitewinged albatrosses, flew about over our heads, uttering plaintive cries; add to these the stentorian voice of our French commander, the curiosity and impatience of the travellers demonstrated by their noisy exclamations, and one will have an idea of the spectacle offered by the deck of a steamer on its arrival at a Turkish port.

During the hauling of the vessel to the quay, I scarcely knew upon what to fix my eyes, attracted as they simultaneously were by a thousand different objects. Here was the Golden Horn with its numberless ships, the cypress trees of Galata, and the seven hills of ancient Byzantium covered with mosques; there, the blue waves of the Propontis, and the glittering banks of Scutari. Giddy with enthusiasm, and intoxicated with admiration, I attempted, as our caïck approached the landing-place, to be the first to leap upon the quay, when, just as I was in the act of springing, my foot slipped, and I fell headlong into a dirty stream. Such was my entrance into Constantinople.

As soon as I gained footing, splashed with mud from head to foot, I remained a moment motionless, and almost petrified with astonishment. All was changed around me: the enchanted panorama had disappeared, and I found myself in a small filthy crossway, at the entrance of a labyrinth of narrow, damp, dark, muddy streets. The houses which surrounded me, built as they were of disjointed planks, had a miserable aspect; time and rain had diluted their primitive red colour into numberless nameless tints. One of those minarets which from afar appeared so slender and so beautiful, now that it was close to me proved to be merely a small column devoid of symmetry, while its covering of cracked plaster seemed on the point of falling to pieces. The Turkish promoters whom from a distance I had taken for richly attired merchants, proved to be a set of miserable tatterdemalions with ragged turbans. Behind the porters who crowded to the landing-place, were butchers embowelling sheep in the open street; while the pavement was covered with bloody mire and smoking entrails, around which several score of hideous dogs, of a fallow colour were growling and fighting. A fetid stench arose from the damp gutters, where neither air nor light have ever penetrated. Where corruptions of all sorts anass, and where one is continually in danger of stepping upon a dead dog or rat.

Such is without exaggeration the aspect of the greater part of the streets of Constantinople, and in particular those of Galata. This contrast between the misery of what surrounds you, and the incomparable beauty of the same spot when seen from a distance, has never yet been sufficiently remarked upon by travellers who seek to describe Constantinople. Perhaps they have been unwilling to cool the enthusiasm of their readers in dirtying with these hideous, but true details, their gold and silver plated descriptions.

Perfectly disenchanted by this sudden change of scene, I followed the bearer of my baggage up a street, which was steep, badly paved, and so narrow that three men could scarcely have walked along it abreast. On the right and left hand were disgusting little shops, or rather booths, filled with green fruit and vegetables. Having proceeded onwards, we rounded the tower of Galata, which, from a near view resembles a handsome dove-cote, and shortly afterwards arrived at Pera, and proceeded to take up our quarters at a kind of hotel, kept by one Giuseppine Vitali, where I immediately went to bed and was soon afterwards fast asleep.

At ten o'clock, A.M., I was awakened by my fellow-travellers, and accompanied them to the caravanserai of the Turning Dervishes. A somewhat lengthened residence in the northern provinces of Persia, where a Turkish idiom is spoken, had given me a tolerable fluency in that language, and I was thus enabled to act as interpreter to my friends. The cicerone of the hotel conducted us to a circular building situated in the midst of a small garden, whither was hurrying a crowd composed of Greeks, Armenians, and Turks. Having arrived at the vestibule, we took off our boots and confided them to the care of a man who kept a sort of depot for slippers, of which he hired out to each of us a pair. We then entered a large circular hall, lighted from above, in the centre of which was an oaken floor, waxed and polished with the greatest care, and protected by a balustrade. Around this arena were seated a number of spectators of all ages, country, and costumes, and exhaling a strong odour of garlic. The ceremony was commenced: for to the music of a barbarous orchestra, composed of small timbals and squeaking fifes, accompanying some nasal voices, about twenty tall, bearded young men, clad in long white robes, were waltzing gravely round an old man in a blue pelisse. These men carried on their heads a thick beaver cap, similar in form to a flower-pot turned upside down. Their white robes, made of a heavy kind of woollen stuff, were so constantly bulged out with the air that they seemed made of wood. With their arm extended in the form of a cross, the left hand being somewhat more elevated than the right, and their looks fixed upon the ceiling with a stupid stare, these Dervishes continued to turn rapidly round upon their naked feet with such regularity and impassibility that they seemed like automata put into motion by machinery.

Suddenly the music ceased, upon which the Dervishes threw themselves simultaneously upon their knees, inclining their heads at the same time to the ground. For several minutes they remained motionless in this position, while some attendants threw a large black cloak over each, upon which they again stood up and ranged themselves in a line. Upon this the old man in the blue pelisse, who had hitherto sat motionless upon his heels, began a plaintive nasal chant, to which his subordinates responded in a roaring chorus; this finished, the crowd began to disperse, and we returned to our hotel.

Besides the Turning Dervishes, there are also at Constantinople the Howling Dervishes, who, instead of waltzing until they fall from giddiness, continue to utter the most frightful shrieks, until they fall upon the ground exhausted and foaming at the mouth. Historians have accorded different origins to these singular and absurd exercises; for my part, I am inclined to consider them as remnants of the furious dances taught by the ancient people of Asia to the Corybantes.

The day after my arrival, I embarked for Stamboul, the Turkish quarter, in one of those long caicks, which are, as it were, the hackney coaches of Constantinople. The least oscillation is sufficient to upset these light barks, which are impelled with inconceivable rapidity, by two or three fine looking Arnauts dressed in silken shirts. In two minutes, having traversed the Golden Horn, passing through an immense crowd of boats of every form, and ships of every nation, we disembarked upon a landing place even more dangerous than the caick, on account of its slipperiness and the chances thereby of falling headlong into a receptacle of mud and filth.

The streets of Stamboul are still more narrow, filthy and fetid than those of Galata and Pera. Wooden hovels, badly constructed, and worse painted; a species of cages, pierced with an infinite number of trellised windows, with one story projecting over the ground floor, flank on the right and on the left hand these passages, through which hurry a motley crowd with noiseless tread. The pavement made of little stones placed in the dust, slip from under one's feet and expose one to continual falls.

Upon the boards of the first shops one passes are piled heaps of large fish, whose scales glitter in the sun, in spite of the dust. Fawn-colored dogs, in much greater numbers than at Galata, run between your legs—and wo to who-soever should disengage himself too energetically from these hideous brutes, which are protected by Mussulman bigotry!

The habits of these animals, whose number amounts to above a hundred thousand, are exceedingly singular. They belong to no one, and have no habitation; they are born, they live and they die in the open street; at every turn one may see a litter of puppies suckled by their mother. Upon what these quadrupeds feed it would be difficult to state. The Turkish government abandons to them the clearing of the street, and the offal and every sort of filth together with the dead bodies of their fellows, compose their apparently ordinary nourishment.

At night they wander about in the burying ground, howling in the most frightful manner. Whatever may be their means of existence, they multiply their species with the most surprising rapidity. Some years ago the canine race had increased to such a degree at Constantinople that it became dangerous, when to the pious horror of the Old Mussulmans, the Sultan Mahmood, amongst other reforms, caused twenty thousand of these animals to be, not poisoned, he would not have dared to so greatly offend against the prejudices of the inhabitants, but transported to the isles of Marmora.

In a few days they had devoured everything in the place of exile, after which, tormented by hunger, they made such a hideous row, and uttered such plaintive howls, that pity was taken upon them and they were brought back in triumph to Constantinople. Fortunately hydrophobia is unknown in the Levant.

The bazars of Constantinople have been so often described that it would be useless to describe them at any length. I will merely observe, therefore, that though infinitely more considerable, they do not respond any more than those of Smyrna to the ideas of opulence and grandeur which untravelled Europeans are apt to conceive of them. The Turkish bazars have a miserable aspect; they are nothing more than an immense labyrinth of large vaulted galleries, clumsily built, and at all times damp in the extreme. Magnificent carpets, stuffs embroidered in gold and silver, and other objects, the richness of which contrasts most singularly with the nakedness of the walls, are hung out for display on cords stretched transversely.

The counter is a flat board of wood, very slightly elevated above the ground, and which serves as a divan to the seller and a seat to the buyer. From this place which is usually covered with a mat, the Mussulman gazes in silence upon the passing foreigner, whom he rarely deigns to address by the name of Effendi; while, on the contrary, the active and loquacious Armenian even leaves his shop to run after him with some tempting object in his hand, at the same time indiscriminately giving him the title of "Signore Capitano."

In the bazars are an astonishing number of articles which are often very cheap, such as tissues of silk, dressing gowns, gold embroidery, and Persian carpets, perfumery, precious stones, pieces of amber, furs, sweetmeats, pipes, morocco leather, velvet slippers, silken scarfs and Cashmere shawls cover a space extending over several leagues.

In the "Besestein," a large building separated from the other bazars, one meets with in quantities those old arms, so sought after by antiquarians, carbines ornamented with coral, magnificent yataghans, worn by the Janissaries before their destruction, and the famous blades of Khorasan.

The commerce of Constantinople is closely allied with that of Smyrna; and many branches of the trade, such as silk and opium, being required to pay duties at the custom house of the capital, the merchants buy them at Constantinople, merely in order to pass them over to Smyrna, where they find a more advantageous market for them. In consequence these goods are twice borne upon the registers of the Turkish custom houses, which, be it observed, are exceedingly badly kept.

Wool formed the principal branch of trade at the Porte, which is abundantly furnished with that article from her nearest provinces, Roumelia, Thessaly, and Bulgaria, which, containing about five million inhabitants feed about eight million sheep, the value of which may be estimated at about two hundred million piastres. (The Turkish piastre is worth about 2 1-4d.)

It would have been impossible for such an important object to have failed exciting the cupidity of a government constituted like that of the Ottoman empire; in consequence, in 1829, they attempted to make a monopoly of the wool trade. Fortunately the clamorous despair of the owners of flocks, and some good advice, caused the Divan to recall the measure, which would, in all probability, not only have given a fatal blow to the wool trade, but have entirely put an end to the feeding of flocks throughout Turkey.

Instead, therefore, of monopolising this branch of commerce, the government saddled it with such an exorbitant duty, that the provinces definitely gained little by the change. The price of wool was more than quadrupled, and in 1833 there was sold for above 170 piastres the hundredweight what in 1816 cost but 40 piastres.

The abolition of the monopolies, and the modification of the duties, have given, since the last six or seven years, some facilities to this trade, without, however, entirely restoring it to its former state of prosperity. Partly destroyed by the severe blow it had received, and shackled by the avarice of the Pashas, it languishes, as does indeed every other branch of trade and industry in the empire.

Of Turkey, which men have rendered a country of misery and famine, the Almighty seems to have intended to have made a land of promise. For agriculture, He has created immense plains, unequalled in fertility throughout the globe, and in the bowels of the mountains He has hidden incalculable treasures; and in return for all these gifts, these glorious gifts, what have the inhabitants done? they have left the land uncultivated, and the mountains unsearched.

Mines of all sorts abound. Copper, (which is sold in secret only, and is a contraband article) were its mines worked on a grand scale, would alone furnish a new element of commerce to Constantinople, and might help to draw it from its present state of torpor. But will the Turks ever dream of such a thing? Never! For like the dog in the fable, the Ottomans will neither profit themselves nor let others profit by what is in the territory.

Too indolent to work out the natural richness of their soil, they are too jealous to permit others to do it for them. Besides, Europeans, by an ancient law, which we have recently seen confirmed, having no right to possess land in Turkey, cannot undertake any agricultural or commercial speculation of any importance.

In addition to this, the Turkish government itself is ignorant of most of the natural riches of its territory; for the inhabitants, well knowing the character of the men who have the management of affairs, take every possible precaution to conceal the existence of the mines, for fear they should be forced to work them without remuneration.

The provinces of the Danube have now yielded to Thrace and to Macedon the furnishing of the capital with corn. This important trade has been ruined, like everything else, by the barbarous measures of a stupid ministry. In reserving to itself the supplying of the capital, the government does not allow the exportation of corn without special permission. Without doubt, the liberty of this trade would have given a new impulse to agriculture, and would have restored prosperity to several provinces; but that would not have been for the interest of those personages who had the power of giving permits, and who consequently made a traffic of the firmans.

In 1828 a circumstance occurred which ought to have enlightened the government on this point. The Russians had intercepted all communication with the capital, and in consequence a want of provisions occurred; for the ill furnished magazines afforded such damaged wheat only, that it could with great difficulty be baked into bad and unhealthy bread. To remedy this evil, an employe ventured to suggest that any one who could procure corn should be permitted to supply the capital.

The situation of affairs was critical, for the people were beginning to murmur, and the suggestion was carried into effect. No sooner was permission accorded, than a multitude of farmers and merchants hastened to pour grain into the market, and plenty soon reappeared. This was an excellent lesson to the government, but how did it profit thereby?

First of all, it reinstated the monopoly, and four years afterwards, in 1832, happening to require a million measures for its magazines, in order to make more sure of speedily procuring that quantity, forbade the exportation of corn, inasmuch that to collect the required million of measures, it destroyed, in all probability a hundred millions, and ruined about ten thousand cultivators. This barbarous system partly ended in 1833, but it will be long ere its withering effects are effaced.

It is in the long corridors of the bazars that the commercial business of the country is carried on. An immense multitude, more curious to view than even the exposition of the different wares, congregates thither daily. Constantinople, notwithstanding its state of decline, is always the point of intersection between the eastern and western world.

At this general rendezvous, whither Europe and Asia send their representatives, one may study the human species in almost every variety of type. Americans, English, Russians, Greeks, Italians, Germans, Persians, Arabs, Koords, Austrians, Hungarians, Abyssinians, Tartars, French, &c., hurry to and fro around the Turk, who smokes and dreams, calm and immovable amidst the active throng, which present an inconceivable medley of silk pelisses, white bornous, and black robes, surmounted by green turbans, red fezzes, and beaver hats.

Numbers of women, covered with white dominoes, advance slowly and spectre-like through the crowd, which every now and then opens its ranks to give passage to some mounted Pasha, followed by his attendants on foot. Here and there may be seen asses loaded with bales, and at the further end of the galleries are caravans of camels.

One's ears are deafened with the piercing cries of the sherbet sellers, and the howling of the dogs; while quantities of pigeons coo over the heads of the motley crowd.

Although on taking a general view of this spectacle, there is little to admire, still one may select from it an infinite number of original scenes and pictures full of character. Here, for instance, an ambulating musician sings or rather chants to an audience one of those interminable ballads of which the Turks never tire; there are half a dozen Greeks quarrelling and vociferating so energetically, that one would expect nothing else than that from words they would come to bloodshed; while, further on, a circle of friends are regaling themselves over a basket of green cucumbers.

Talking of cucumbers, they almost entirely compose, in summer the nourishment of the Turks. The Sultan, Mahmood II, was excessively fond of this fruit, or rather vegetable, and cultivated it with his own hands in the Seraglio gardens.

Having one day perceived that some of his cucumbers were missing, he sent for his head gardener, and informed him that should such a circumstance occur again, he would order his head to be cut off. The next day three more cucumbers had been stolen, upon which the gardener to save his own head, accused the pages of his highness of having committed the theft.

These unhappy youths were immediately sent for, and having all declared themselves innocent, the enraged Sultan, in order to discover the culprit, commanded them one after another to be disembowelled. Nothing was found in the stomach or entrails of the first six victims, but the autopsy of the seventh proved him to have been the guilty one.

In the midst of the crowds in the Turkish capital, the women present a curious spectacle, wandering about as they do covered with white dominoes, or rather winding sheets. The lot of this portion of the Mussulman population is much less unhappy than one would be led to expect. They certainly hold a secondary station in society, but, brought up as they are in the most complete ignorance, they are unconscious of their degraded position, and know not that there is a better. They are in general, treated very kindly by their husbands and masters, and do not undergo, as it is supposed, either capricious or brutal treatment. Although in Europe they still believe a Turk to be constantly surrounded by a multitude of odalisques, to whom as it suits his fancy, he throws in turn his handkerchief, at Constantinople there are very few Osmanlees who have three or even two wives, and even these they lodge in separate mansions, in general far distant from each other. Almost all the Turks, with the exception of the very few above mentioned individuals, possess in general but one wife to whom they are most faithful. The grand seignior alone is a Sultan in the full and voluptuous acceptation of the term. He is possessor of a magnificent palace, where no noise from without ever penetrates, and where immense

riches have collected together all the wonders of luxury. Marble baths, lovely gardens bounded by a sparkling sea, and vaulted by an indigo sky, legions of slaves, who have no will but his, no law but his caprices; and in this Eden three or four hundred women chosen from out of the most beautiful in the universe; this is the world, this is the life of that man: and yet although he be so young, all who know him say that the present Sultan is moorish, sad and splenetic.

On mounting, at sixteen, upon the throne of Turkey, Abdul Medjid announced it to be his intention to change nothing that his father Mahmood had established, and declared himself a partisan of the system of reform commenced by that sovereign. Notwithstanding the custom, rendered almost sacred by tradition, he renounced the turban and was crowned with the fez. Contrary to the usage of former sultans, who on their accession put to death or closely imprisoned all their brothers, he allowed his brother Abdul Haziz not only his life, but full liberty.

The Hatti-sherif of Gulhane, published on the 19th of November 1839, and which has been viewed in so many and different lights, proved at least the good intentions of this sovereign, called so young to support so weighty a burden. At various times he has manifested a desire for instruction, and has taken lessons in geography and in Italian; he has also travelled over a part of his empire.

It is usual at Constantinople for the Sultan to proceed every Friday (the Mussulman Sabbath) to pray in one of the mosques. The one chosen is named in the morning, and he proceeds thither on horseback or in his caïck, according to the quarter in which it is situated. This weekly ceremony is almost the sole occasion on which foreigners can see his highness. During my stay at Constantinople, I had several opportunities of gazing upon the descendant of the Prophet. He is a young man, of slender frame, of grave physiognomy, and a most *distingue* appearance. A crowd of officers and eunuchs formed his suite, and all heads bowed low at his approach. Abdul Medjid, who was the twentieth-born child of his father Mahmood, was born at Constantinople on the 19th of April 1823. His black and stiff beard cause him to appear older than he is in reality. His eye is very brilliant, and his features regular. His face is somewhat marked with the smallpox; but this is not very apparent, as the young sultan, according to the custom of the harem, has an artificial complexion for days of ceremony. Naturally of delicate frame, excesses have much enfeebled his constitution; his continual ill-health, his pallor, and his teeth already decayed, announce, that though so young in years, he is expiating the pleasures of a Sultan by a premature decrepitude. Abdul Medjid has several children, who are weak and sickly like their father, and the state of their health inspires constant anxiety.

Few sovereigns have been more diversely judged than Mahmood, the father of the present Sultan. Lauded to the skies by some, lowered to the dust by others, he died before Europe was properly enlightened as to his intentions. Now that his work has undergone the ordeal of time, one can appreciate it at its real value. Ascending the throne at an epoch of anarchy and disorder, having at one and the same time to oppose the invasion of Russia, and to put down the rebellion of the Pashas, who were raising their pashalicks into sovereignties, Mahmood gave proofs, during several years, of a force of character almost inconceivable in a man enervated from his childhood by the pleasures of the harem. Unfortunately his intellect was unequal to his obstinacy: every abuse he put down gave rise to or made way for new abuses, which he could not foresee, and was unable to destroy. The established order of affairs, which he fought against, was a hydra, from which, for one head cut off, twenty sprang up. Far from augmenting his power, his greatest enterprises merely tended to enfeeble it.

The repression of Ali the Pasha of Janina, cost Mahmood the kingdom of Greece; and had not the powers of Europe intervened, the war against Mehmet Ali would have cost him his throne. Even the destruction of the Janissaries which was considered so great a cause of triumph by the Sultan, was it in reality so? It is surely permitted to doubt the circumstance. That powerful militia, scattered through the empire, was in some sort the focus of that spirit of fatalism, which had till then been the principal prop of the imperfect work of the Arabian impostor; to destroy it was to strike a death-blow to that society which breathed as it were in war alone. In overthrowing an obstacle which paralysed his power, Mahmood dug an abyss into which the Turkish empire must sooner or later fall; for the spirit of religious enthusiasm which he destroyed has been replaced by no other incentive.

The chief fault of Mahmood was the cutting down without thinking of sowing; for without properly understanding the extent of what he was doing, he too hastily cast from its old course, without placing it in a better a dull stupid nation, to transform which required both time and patience. Above all, Mahmood was guided solely by the impulses of an indomitable pride, and seems to have much less considered the interests of his empire, than the satisfying of his own vanity. He hastened to change the aspect and surface of things, deluding himself into the idea that he had metamorphosed an Asiatic people into a European state. Hurried away by the desire of innovation, and at the same time cramped by the effects of a religion which resists all progress, striving in vain to make the precepts of the Koran compatible with civilisation, Mahmood moved during the whole of his reign within a fatal circle, and, dying of an ignoble malady, he left his empire tottering to its fall.

Miscellaneous Articles.

LORD BROUGHAM.

The following sketch of Lord Brougham is from the correspondence of the New York "Mirror." It is very like a caricature, but of that faithful description which conveys a better idea of the subject than a formal professed portrait:—

All this time you will fancy Brougham's tongue going at the rate of forty smoke-jacks in one. Seated on the first row of the opposition, with Stanley on one side of him, Lord Ashburton on the other, and Ellenborough in the rear, he puts half a dozen questions in a breath to as many Ministers, and proceeds to answer them himself out of hand, glancing off into half a dozen fresh topics in the course of each reply to his own queries; then dropping down into his seat with a protest that Government should be prepared with the information he sought, and finally starting up again and declaring he will have no speeches, as there is no business before the House; and forthwith he proceeds to make a speech upon *that*, challenging every body all around to call him to order, or to point out in what he does not strictly conform to parliamentary usages. A few peers—Irishmen of course—accept the challenge to their subsequent tribulation. One is Lord Mountcashel, (a pious noble, who once compared the prophets of the Scripture to the "sprouting of the potato,") but he very speedily finds himself be-

wildered in his attempt to follow the ex-chancellor, who catches him at the very first trip, and pours out a torrent of words upon him about law and philosophy, and logic, and a thousand other things, that are so much High Dutch to the mystified Patlander. The second leader of the forlorn hope will generally be the Marquis of Londonderry, who is sure to start with a bull or a blunder of some sort or another, on which Brougham, with the rapidity of a kite, lays violent and resistless claws, upsets the fiery coal-owner amidst universal derision, and then coolly says he should like to know what are the intentions of the Cabinet on immigration, on transportation, on education, and bankruptcy business; ending with a pretty broad hint that it would be well if the Marquis of Lansdowne took his notion of law from a somewhat more competent authority than Lord Campbell.

There is no exaggeration in this. A literal report of the proceedings of any night when Brougham figures would eclipse in extravagance any invention. But such exhibitions are not reported fully, and an abridgment is destructive to their rich grotesqueness. The undecipherable part of Brougham's oratory is his action. Instead of speaking from his place, as other persons do, he goes right over to the table, and not only that, but places his elbows upon it, balancing himself on one foot and looking with intense eagerness at the individual he addresses, varying his position by starting up every other minute to thump the box before him, and turning round to ask questions, or direct observations to any one in any other part of the House that may strike his fancy; and the chances are that the moment he is about to receive the information he requires, he sits down beside one of the clerks and writes a letter or two, which he despatches on the spot, without paying the slightest seeming regard to his informant, though at the same time not a syllable escapes him, as any one very quickly finds out who ventures to presume on his apparent inattention.

Yet with all this eccentricity of manner, this inexpressible love of talking for the sake of talk, there is about all he says and does superabundant evidence of the highest order of mind—such a solidity of information on the most heterogeneous and out-of-the-way subjects perpetually peeping forth, and such endless play of fancy, that he extorts admiration where he fails to win respect. Flattered, feared and spoiled, he hurries along, goaded by some inexorable demon, who forbids all quiet to his victim, and impels him to incessant occupation of tongue, hand and brain, from morning till night, and frequently all night long.

Mode of Breeding Leeches in Scinde.—The breeding of leeches, even in Europe, is kept a secret, so far as anything can be in that quarter of the world. The breeding of them was at one period almost entirely confined to a tribe of gipsies, but the secret got known and went abroad. In Great Britain, even to this day, the best description of Leeches are procured from the continent. In Ceylon, where the variety of leeches are more numerous, perhaps, than in any part of the world, propagation of the sort used in any phlebotomy is made a secret of. In India the leech propagators do all they can to keep the knowledge to themselves. This has not, however, prevented one of our most accomplished naturalists and botanists from propagating these valuable reptiles with the greatest success, so much so, indeed, as to be a great saving to government in furnishing the hospitals. Major Blenkins is the gentleman to whom we alluded, and to whom we take this opportunity of returning thanks for the perusal of his curious and very interesting paper on this subject. Burnt earthen vessels, commonly called cottee pots, are used for this purpose, of globular shape or form, being three feet in circumference, one ditto in height, and with mouth six inches in diameter, each pot being two-thirds filled with stiff black earth, containing a good portion of clay. To this add four handfuls of finely powdered dry goat or cow dung with two ounces of assafetida. The vessel is then filled to within three inches of the mouth with water, and the whole mixed up with a wand or stick. Leeches of full growth, and of the largest size, are required for propagation, varying, perhaps, from three to five inches in length, after being placed on, and glutted from, the human body. The leeches are put, nineteen or twenty into each vessel; an earthen cover is then placed over the mouth; and the whole smeared over with a coating of cow-dung and earth, and placed in a sheltered spot free from wind and sun. After the space of twenty-five days or a month, on the cover being moved off, about twenty cocoons will be found, of the size of a sparrow's egg, and longer, and of a spongy nature. On being carefully torn open with the finger, from five to fifteen small leeches will emerge. All of these are then placed in a pot of water, into which a table-spoonful of sugar is thrown. After ten days, it is requisite to feed them with blood from the human body for a period of three months, when they will have attained the usual size for application. During the warm months, after a respite of ten days or so, the breeding leeches can again be placed as above described. The leech appears to live about eighteen months, and any number can be procured in this way. Colonial Magazine.

The Witchery of the Voice.—D'Israeli, in his *Tancred*, speaks of—"a voice which, though somewhat low, was of that organ that at once arrests attention; a voice that comes alike from the brain and from the heart, and seems to convey both profound thought and deep emotion. There is no index of character so sure as the voice. There are tones, brilliant and gushing, which impart a quick and pathetic sensibility; there are others that, deep and yet calm, seem the just interpreters of a serene and exalted intellect. But the rarest and most precious of all voices is that which combines passion and repose; and those rich and restrained tones exercise, perhaps, on the human frame, a stronger spell than even the fascination of the eye or that bewitching influence of the hand, which is the privilege of the higher races of Asia.

Raffaële's Cartoon of Ananias.—The middle of the scene upon the foreground of the picture is occupied by the figure of Ananias stricken dead, and fallen to earth. What we cannot too much admire is the way in which the attitude of the man explains his fall. It is impossible to err; its cause was sudden and violent; all together, with the expression of the head, exhibits its effects. Raffaële has alone possessed the secret of sometimes expressing that which painting can only seize a single and rapid instant. When a figure is seen fallen to the earth, the painter cannot tell us how long it has been there, and how long it will be in its present posture. Any other painter would have made this figure support itself upon one of its hands; but here the hand is turned so that the body is supported upon the wrist, a kind of position that cannot be lasting; now, by this, we see that in a short moment the body will be wholly stretched upon the earth. Life of Raffaële, Bogue's European Library.

A young musician on his first appearance in public, was so intimidated, as hardly to be able to perform his part, and particularly to execute well those graces that principally display talent; on which Mrs. Grespigny observed, that he trembled so much he could not shake.

JOHN BULL'S PETITION.

Pity the sorrows of poor old John Bull,
Whose quartern loaf a shilling costs, or more,
Whilst there are warehouses of grain chock-full:
Cheaper your corn, and Heaven will bless your store.

These falling funds my poverty bespeak,
This worthless scrip proclaims my want of cash;
And many a rise in bread, from week to week,
Has been the prelude to an awful smash.

That granary on yon corn-factor's ground,
With tempting aspect drew me from my road;
For there is wheat in plenty to be found,
Sack upon sack heap'd up, and load on load.

Harden'd his heart unto its inmost core:
There—whilst my all I offer'd for his wheat—
The pamper'd factor drove me from his door,
And here am I without a crust to eat!

My bank, till now my refuge at a pinch,
Struck with a panic at my threatening ills,
And by its Charter bound, can't stir an inch,
And is unable to discount my bills.

Pity the sorrows of poor old John Bull,
Whose quartern loaf a shilling costs, or more!
And oh! ye rogues, with bags of corn chock-full,
Shell out the hoarded grain you keep in store.

Punch.

A FAMILY SQUABBLE.

There was quite a scene in the Recorder's office yesterday morning, between two ladies, each of whom had a child in her arms. Mrs. Taylor was a short dumpy woman, with a pair of shoulders broad enough to bear most of the burthens of life. She was rather negligent in her dress, but there was an honesty and determination in her face that aroused the dormant sympathies of even the policemen. Mrs. Scott, on the contrary, was a tall woman, with rather a lady like figure. She wore a red shawl, and her gimp bonnet was decked with a profusion of gaudy artificial flowers, thus affording a strong contrast to the plain cap and homely dress of Mrs. Taylor. The infant Scott looked very delicate and languid, whilst the infant Taylor was as sturdy a little brat as ever played in a mud puddle, or get scalded by the upsetting of a tea kettle.

"Ladies," said the Recorder, with his accustomed blandness, "please state your cases."

Here a slight squabble took place, which finally ended in Mrs. Scott's being allowed to speak first. Graciously adjusting the folds of her shawl, with a slight "hem" and an indistinct "haw," she commenced:—

"You see, sir, I live next door to that woman—her husband is a common man, who works on a farm on the coast, while my husband is head waiter in a restaurant down town. She is continually insultin' me, and throwin' out hints that my baby (not quite three months old, sir,) is dyin' of the measles, and the whooping-cough, kimbind. Yesterday she told Mrs. Jenkins that I bought the poorest meat in all Poydras market, and that my eggs never was fresh. The day before that she throw'd a basin of cold water on my head, as I was walking past with little Winfield in my arms, and the poor child has been sick ever since. I talked to her about it, sir, and said I should tell you of it, when she got into a passion, throw'd down her own dirty little brat, and struck me in the face."

"That'll do, Mrs. Scott: and now for your part of the tale, Mrs. Taylor."

"That woman, yer honor, is intirely above herself. This here blessed child that's in my arms was born the day that the battle of Pally Altar was fought, and my old man said as how his name should be Zack Taylor, and Zack Taylor I had him christened. Elizer Scott hadn't no baby then, and she's been jealous of me ever since. She treats me as if I was a nigger, and now that she's got young Winfield, she's prouder than ever. She says that my frocks ain't as good as her'n, and that my little Zack, when he grows up, will go the penitentiary. She called me a bad name the other day when I throw'd the basin of water on her—I got into a passion, and hit her, and if she bothers me or my little Zack any more, I'll hit her again."

The Recorder gave Mrs. Taylor a sound lecture, and bound her over to keep the peace; whereupon Mrs. Scott walked out of the police office, as happy as a peacock with a full tail strutting in the sun. N. O. Delta.

The Nettle.—The nettle is generally considered by farmers and gardeners as a useless and troublesome weed; but it needs little argument to prove that the most common gifts of Providence are often the most useful to mankind. The common stinging nettle is one of the best medicines which is produced in the vegetable kingdom; and its medical qualities ought to be more generally known and appreciated. In the form of a simple, weak infusion, taken in the quantity of a pint a day, it acts as an alterative and deobstruct in impurities of the blood. A strong decoction taken in the same quantity proves an admirable strengthener in general or partial relaxation. Applied as a fomention or poultice, it relieves swellings, and abates inflammations; and the expressed juice taken in spoonfuls, as the exigency of the case may require, in internal bleedings, is the most powerful styptic known. We may add, that its leaves, when boiled, are converted into a tender, healthy, and nourishing aliment, grateful to the palate. And yet there are few plants whose appearance is viewed by the farmer with more disgust than the stinging nettle.

Power of Earnestness.—This earnest force is in truth, the main element in the impressiveness of public speaking. It carries conviction to the minds of the hearers with a power that nothing else can give. Its absence is an irreparable defect. Sincerity is not enough; desire to be useful is not enough. Men must have that ardent impulse which, breaking through every barrier attests to the world their sincerity by urging them to the most devoted efforts in the diffusion of truth. They must be distinguished by peculiar energy; they must have moral power to compel respectful attention. The thorough earnestness of such men in everything they undertake is an attribute of their character, which, if it were not developed in religious agency, would find vent in some other direction. Their advocacy could not be marked with cool indifference or by a suspicious sincerity. It is part of their very nature to "throw their whole soul into the work." They require no elocution to teach them a mock earnestness, for the natural expression of their mental emotions accompanies and enforces their deep-felt utterances. So spake Paul and Luther, Ignatius Loyola and Whitfield, Peter the Hermit and Knox.

A learned clergyman in Maine was accosted in the following manner by an illiterate preacher who despised education:

"Sir, you have been to college, I suppose?"

"Yes sir," was the reply.

"I am thankful," replied the former, "that the Lord has opened my mouth without any learning."

"A similar event," replied the latter, "took place in Balaam's time, but such things are of rare occurrence at the present day."

The Dog Trade.—"Tom, my covey, what are you doing with that 'ere dog?"

"It's all in my line, d'ye see—for I've jist sot up bizziness, and drives it all the time."

"Then what is your line of bizziness?"

"The dog trade to be sure. I finds dogs and gets the reward. This dog belongs to that gemman in the chaise yonder. When he sees the dog is gone, you know, he offers a reward in the Sun newspaper, and I takes him home."

Wild Cats.—These animals were formerly reckoned as beasts of chase, as appears from a charter of Richard II. to the Abbot of Peterborough, by which the king gave to the abbot the right of hunting the hare, the fox, and the wild cat; and even long anterior to this period they were the objects of the huntsman's pursuit.

Cricketers' Chronicle.

On Thursday next, 1st July, as we are informed, there will be a grand match of Cricket played on the St. George's Cricket Ground, between eleven players from the north of a given imaginary line in England, and eleven members from the south of that line. Good and fine play are expected from this contest. The wickets are to be pitched as early in the day as possible.

□ An abuse is falling on this noble and manly exercise. Several who really enjoy the recreation are afraid of being known to patronise it, and they have their names recorded fictitiously. This is wrong. The Cricketing world are desirous of knowing who among their compeers become distinguished; and this is in reality an exercise, though its details are in the style of a game. That there are no bets in the course of it, or because of it; we should be wrong to say, but there is not any other exercise, a function, an action, a custom, among mankind, that is not liable to abuse, and that is occasionally abused. We know that even eating and drinking are abused, and arguments should be founded on the use, not the abuse of any practice. The time and the reflection will be quite as much, or more, upon the practices of ten pins, billiards, base ball, quoits, rackets, &c., but the names of the exercisers are not recorded, and on that account Cricket is the most honest, therefore, in common honesty of thought they should not practise Cricket who are ashamed of the records, and they should not be ashamed of the record who practise it.

On Thursday last, the 24th inst., a single wicket match was played on the St. George's Ground, between Winkworth and Comery.

The day was a remarkably fine one, and play was called at 12.40 P. M., Winkworth taking the Bat first. Winkworth was considered better at the Bat, and a keener hand at the quicks of play, and Comery was the better bowler. Opinions, therefore, ran high, and there was much equality in the claims of the antagonists. The following are the results:

WINKWORTH—First Innings.

Received 91 Balls in 55 minutes, and was bowled out; he made 6 Runs off his Bat, and 1 Bye; in all..... 7

Second Innings.

Received 38 Balls in 20 minutes, when he was bowled out; he made 4 Runs and 3 Wides; in all..... 7

Total..... 14

COMERY—First Innings.

He received 10 Balls in 10 minutes; he was run out; he made 1 Run; in all..... 1

Second Innings.

He received 43 Balls in 45 minutes, when he brought his bat out; he made 14 Runs; in all..... 14

Total..... 15

Comery made 3 twos in his Second Innings, and played beautifully. It was the best single wicket match we have seen on this side of the Atlantic.

The Umpires were Messrs. Groom and Wright; the Markers were Messrs. Paterson and S. Nichols.

THE MARYLEBONE CLUB MATCH.

MATCH BETWEEN TWO PICKED TWELVES OF THE MARYLEBONE CLUB AND GROUND.

This, the first match of the season, at Lord's, was played on Monday last. The ground was in first-rate order, and the play on both sides particularly good. It was a one day's match, and each side having had an innings the stumps were drawn. Earl Strathmore being absent, Lord Burghley took his place, and commenced the batting, his lordship and Lord Mountgarret going in first, Bayley and Lillywhite bowling. Lord Burghley began with a single, and Lord Mountgarret made a beautiful cut for three, but in the next over his lordship could not keep Bayley away from his wicket. Mr. Hoare came next, and several balls were bowled, and no run obtained, when Dean caught Mr. Hoare behind the wicket without scoring, and Hillier filled the vacancy, beginning with a three. Lord Burghley made another single, and then a two, but was afterwards run out; three wickets down for 15 runs. Clarke joined Hillier, and some fine batting took place; Clarke began with two singles, and followed them up with two threes, Hillier marking ones and twos. The play went on rapidly for some time,

when Dean went on to bowl at Lillywhite's end, and Lilly at the other wicket, who gave Clarke a shooter in the first over, but not before he had scored 16. Royston followed, and led off with two twos, and Hillyer then made a splendid hit for four, Royston a three and a two, and Hillyer several singles. Royston now gave a chance, which was not taken. Soon after he made a beautiful hit to the leg for four, then another three, when he run out, the ball being beautifully thrown in by Mr. Haygarth. Royston left 20 on the score paper, with one four, two threes, three twos, and singles. Hon. C. Lyon joined Hillyer and began with a three, Hillyer still getting singles. Mr. Lyon soon made another three, and then a four, when Dakin took up the bowling at Dean's end, but without effect. Mr. Lyon drove Lillywhite forward for three, but in the next over, Lillywhite succeeded in getting his bails off; six wickets down for 99 runs. Mr. Ainslie came next, and after scoring one, Dean took up the bowling again and got a ball into Hillyer's wicket, who had obtained 41 in a splendid style, by one four, two threes, four twos, and singles. Lord Guernsey occupied the vacancy, and commenced with two singles; Mr. Ainslie then made two threes following, but in the next over, Bailly, who had taken up the bowling again, disturbed his stumps; Mr. Moncrieff joined Lord Guernsey, and his lordship having made a three, Dean lowered his wicket, and Good was called for. In the next over Bayley disposed of Mr. Moncrieff, and Mr. Burgoyne was the last of the dozen. Good began with three singles, and having scored three, Dean carried his bails away, Mr. Burgoyne bringing out his bat. This innings amounted to 117 runs, and occupied three hours. Earl Winterton's side then went in, sending Mr. S. Taylor and Mr. Tuck; the latter soon run out for one, and Mr. Haygarth filled the vacancy. Mr. Taylor made one, when Lord Burghley got in his way and caught him, and Dean brought in his bat. Mr. Haygarth began with a two, and the play went on steadily for a long time, both getting ones, and now and then a two, when Mr. Hoare caught Dean from Clarke; three wickets down for 15 runs. Dakin joined Mr. Haygarth, and again some very steady play ensued, ones and an occasional two being scored. A change in the bowling took place, Royston going on at Clarke's end. Dakin made a three, following it up with a five, and the play progressed at a more rapid rate, Clarke taking up the bowling again, but without effect. Hillyer changed ends, and lowered Mr. Haygarth's wicket the first ball. Lillywhite joined Dakin, and the latter made two threes following, and then singles were the order of the day. Dakin made another hit round to the leg from Hillyer, and the ball rising, Mr. Fellows caught it. Dakin had scored 35 in a splendid manner, by one five, four threes, four twos, and singles. The Hon. R. Grimston joined Lillywhite, and the latter, after making three singles, was floored by Royston, making way for Bayley. Mr. Grimston led off with a one, when the ball hit his leg, and ran into the wicket. The Earl of Winterton then made his appearance, and commenced with a two; Bayley began with a three to the leg, and soon after scored three more, when Lord Burghley waited on him very politely, and caught him. Mr. Fellows occupied his place, and first marked a three. The Earl of Winterton made another single, when Hillyer sent the ball into his lordship's wicket. Mr. Titchmarsh came next, and a little merry play took place, stealing four or five runs, which caused much amusement; but at last Mr. Titchmarsh took too many liberties, and was run out. Captain Blackwood was the last, and Lord Burghley soon waited on the captain, and caught him in a masterly style, Mr. Fellows bringing out his bat with 11 to his name. This innings amounted to 96 runs, being in a minority of 31. This closed the play, and the following is the score:—

LORD BURGHLEY'S SIDE.		EARL WINTERTON'S SIDE.	
Lord Mountgarret, b. Bailly.....	3	S. Taylor, Esq., c. Lord Burghley,	
Lord Burghley, run out.....	4	b. Hillyer.....	1
C. G. Hoare, Esq., c. Dean b. Bailly.....	0	Tuck, Esq., run out.....	1
Hillyer, b. Dean.....	41	A. Haygarth, Esq., b. Hillyer.....	13
Clarke, b. Lillywhite.....	16	Dean, c. Hoare, b. Clarke.....	8
Royston, run out.....	20	Dakin, c. Fellows, b. Hillyer.....	35
Hon. C. B. Lyon, b. Lillywhite.....	15	Lillywhite, b. Royston.....	3
M. Ainslie, Esq., b. Bailly.....	7	Hon. R. Grimston, b. Hillyer.....	1
Lord Guernsey, b. Dean.....	5	Bayley, c. Lord Burghley, b. Hillyer.....	7
W. Moncrieff, Esq., b. Bailly.....	0	Earl Winterton, b. Hillyer.....	3
Good, b. Dean.....	7	H. Fellows, Esq., not out.....	11
T. Burgoyne, Esq., not out.....	0	Titchmarsh, Esq., run out.....	4
Byes.....	9	Capt. Blackwood, c. Lord Burghley, b. Hillyer.....	0
Total.....	128	Byes 8, no ball 1.....	9
		Total.....	96

STOURBRIDGE V BIRMINGHAM.

This match, which had for some time excited a good deal of interest, was played on the ground of the Stourbridge Club, at Stourbridge, on Monday last. The weather was delightfully fine, a large concourse of spectators assembled, amongst whom were most of the gentry of the neighbourhood, and a good sprinkling of the fair sex. The ground was in splendid order, neither pains nor expense having been spared to render it so. Birmingham won the toss, and at half-past ten sent in Messrs. Norton and G. Barker to the wicket. Roby and Nixon being the bowlers; the latter gave the first over without a run, Mr. Barker obtained one in the slip from Roby's first ball, Norton then hit one in the same place, Barker one to cover point, and the play went on steadily. Norton obtained two by a leg hit, Barker one ditto, and another at the slip; Norton afterwards made a good forward hit for three, when he was bowled by Nixon for the score of six, the first wicket being down for 10 runs. Hardwick was the next, and several overs were bowled without a run. Two byes were then scored, and Hardwick made a leg hit for two, Mr. Barker one in the slip, and Hardwick a finer forward hit for three, when Nixon settled his account; 20 runs, and two wickets down, Sopp (of Sussex) now appeared, when Barker obtained two for a forward hit, but Sopp was neatly caught at the slip by Roby from Nixon's ball; three wickets and 22 runs. Langley came next, and Mr. Barker got one in the slip, and then had his wicket lowered by Nixon, making room for Mr. J. Barker, Langley sent the ball into the long field for two, when Roby gave him notice to quit; five wickets and 25 runs. Fulford began with a forward hit for two, and then gave a chance at mid-wicket, which was missed; Barker got one to the slip and one at leg, but narrowly escaped being run out; Fulford made a leg hit for two, then one at the slip, and two more for a tip, when he was caught at slip off Nixon; six wickets down and 36 runs. Wigley then brought in his bat, but he soon lost his companion, Barker being caught in the long field off Roby, and Burt took his place; Wigley obtained one in the slip and two for a tip.

Burt two for a cut at point and one for a leg hit, and followed it up by a two at cover point, Wigley got one for a forward hit, and three for a draw; Wigley one in the slip, and ditto in the same place for two, when Burt was bowled by Roby; eight wickets down for 51 runs. Gem filled the vacancy, and obtained one for a hit to mid-wicket, when a splendid ball from Nixon disposed of him to make room for Hill, who was the last man. Wigley made a cut in the slip for two, when Nixon sent Hill to the right about, Wigley carrying out his bat with a score of 10, obtained by very steady play. This innings amounted to 54 runs. The Stourbridge Club sent in Messrs. Rufford and Kettle to the wickets. Sopp commenced the bowling to Mr. Rufford, who obtained one in the slip; Gem took the other end, and Mr. Rufford hit to the leg for one, and was then run out, making room for Nixon, who quickly obtained one to the cover point, Mr. Kettle one to the leg, Nixon was bowled by Sopp; two wickets down for 8 runs. Fulshaw then put in an appearance, and Mr. Kettle made one to the mid-wicket and a good hit to the leg for three. Mr. Fulshaw began with one forward, Kettle one in the slip, Fulshaw one to the leg, Mr. Kettle a fine cut in the slip for three, Mr. Fulshaw one at cover point, one at leg, and two in the slip. Mr. Kettle then sent the ball into the long-stop's hands; 27 runs for the loss of three wickets. Roby came next, and commenced with one in the slip, when Fulshaw was bowled by Gem, and King took the vacant place. Roby obtained one for a draw, and then hit forward for one, King one in the slip and a fine cut in the same place for three. A wide ball was bowled by Sopp, from which four were obtained; Roby hit one forward, King two for a cover point hit, Roby one in the same place, and another for ditto. Langley now took the bowling at Gem's end, when Roby got one for a cut at slip, King in the same place for two, Roby a fine cut in the same place for two, King ditto for one, Roby a hit forward for one, King one in the slip, and another for a cut at point, Roby in the slips for one, when they retired for dinner, the numbers being 54, the exact number of the first innings of Birmingham. In an hour the players again took their stations, Langley bowling; Roby made a hit to the leg for two, when King was bowled by Langley for a score of 11, obtained in good style: five wickets and 56 runs. Heming was the next man; Roby, after giving a chance, got a two for a leg hit, and then played the ball forward for two singles, then a cut at point for one, and one in the slips; Heming one in the slips, Roby one forward, and then a fine hit forward for three, one for a draw, and another for a leg hit; Heming one to the leg, and a good forward hit for two, when he was caught by the long stop: six wickets down for 76 runs. Mullings was the next, and he obtained one in the slip, one for a cut at point, another for a hit to on side, and then one in the slip. Roby hit the ball to leg, and obtained one, when Mullings was run out in attempting a second run: seven wickets and 87 runs. Stokes filled the vacancy, when Roby scored one for a forward hit, and one for a hit to cover point. Stokes one for a draw, and one for a forward hit, when he was given out leg before wicket. Bond was at the wicket, when Roby was caught by Langley from his own bowling for a score of twenty-nine; nine wickets down for 92 runs. J. Hall was the last man, and obtained one the first ball in the slip, and Bond one for a leg hit, when he was bowled by Sopp, Hall bringing out his bat, the innings terminating for 94 runs, being forty ahead of their opponents, who shortly took the bat again, Messrs. Wigley and Gem at the wickets. Gem got one the first ball, Wigley three for a draw, when Gem was beautifully caught in the slip by Roby from Nixon. Fulford took his place, and made a hit to the leg for three, when he was bowled by Roby, and Sopp then put in an appearance: he hit to the leg for one, then in the slip for another, when he sent a regular "sky-scraper," and was caught out by Hall. Norton then came, and Wigley got one to the leg, Norton one for a forward hit, a cut at point for another, and then a good hit to the on side for three, when Wigley was caught off Roby by Kettle, four wickets down for 15 runs. Langley accepted the vacancy, when Norton was bowled by Nixon; five wickets and the runs the same. Langley hit the ball out of the ground, and obtained four, but the next ball he was disposed of by Roby; six wickets down for 19 runs. On Hardwick going to the wicket, and after Mr. Barker made a hit to the leg for two, he (Hardwick,) had his stumps disturbed without having troubled the scorers: seven wickets for 21 runs. Burt brought in his bat, and obtained one for a leg hit, and then two in the long slip, when Barker was bowled by Roby, making room for Mr. J. Barker, who made a hit to the on side for three, and to the leg for one. Nixon now settled Burt's account, nine wickets being down for 28 runs. Hill was the last man, but had no opportunity of scoring, Barker being bowled by Roby, the innings only amounting to 28 runs, thus leaving the Stourbridge Club the victors in one innings, and 12 runs to spare. In this innings Roby bowled "à la Clarke," and most destructive it proved to the Birmingham eleven, as the score will show. During the match Nixon bowled 150 balls for 25 runs, Roby 145 balls for 53 runs, Sopp 128 balls for 35 runs, Langley 70 balls for 17 runs, and Gem 52 balls for 19 runs. Nixon bowled 25 maiden overs, Roby 12, Gem, 4, Langley 9, and Sopp 12. The fielding on both sides was very good, and the long-stopping of Hemming and Hardwick first-rate, the score of byes being mostly "leg byes."

BIRMINGHAM.

FIRST INNINGS.		SECOND INNINGS.	
Mr. G. M. Barker, b. Nixon.....	8	b. Roby.....	2
Mr. Norton, b. Nixon.....	6	b. Nixon.....	5
Mr. Hardwick, b. Nixon.....	5	b. Roby.....	0
Mr. Sopp, c. Roby, b. Nixon.....	0	c. Hall, b. Roby.....	2
Mr. Langley, b. Roby.....	2	b. Roby.....	4
Mr. J. Barker, c. King, b. Roby.....	6	b. R-by.....	4
Mr. Fulford, c. Fulshaw, b. Nixon.....	5	b. Roby.....	3
Mr. R. Wigley, not out.....	10	c. Kettle, b. Roby.....	4
Mr. A. Burt, b. Roby.....	7	b. Nixon.....	3
Mr. H. Gem, b. Nixon.....	1	c. Roby, b. Nixon.....	1
Mr. Hill, b. Nixon.....	0	not out.....	0
Byes 4.....	4	byes.....	0
Total.....	54	Total.....	28

STOURBRIDGE.

Mr. F. T. Rufford, run out.....	2	Mr. S. Mullings, run out.....	4
Mr. G. M. Kettle, c. Hardwick, b. Gem.....	11	Mr. J. Stokes, leg b. w. b. Sopp.....	2
Mr. T. Nixon, b. Sopp.....	2	Mr. H. Bond, b. Sopp.....	1
Mr. J. Fulshaw, b. Gem.....	6	Mr. J. Hall, not out.....	1
Mr. R. Roby, c. and b. Langley.....	29	Byes 11, wide balls 10.....	26
Mr. H. King, b. Langley.....	11	Total.....	94
Mr. F. Heming, c. Hardwick, b. Sopp.....	4		

DIED.—Suddenly yesterday, MICHAEL RILEY, aged 9 years, son of Hugh Riley of Jersey City.

Exchange at New York on London, at 60 days, 6 a 6½ per cent. prem.

THE ANGLO AMERICAN.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 26. 1847.

A slight observation of one of the currents down the stream of things is of a very interesting nature. We allude to the Irish political geographers and of the eddy which has lately been found there; of the froth which was formed; of the probable mischief which was likely to ensue, and of the dangerous rapids which have made their appearance below the eddy. Let us lay aside figure, and proceed to contemplate the facts of the past, the present, and the future on this subject.

The time has lately been that many, very many thousands believed that the time was approaching near when the Island of Ireland, freed from the yoke, as they were pleased to call it, of membership of the British Empire, would have its own government, if not its independence, and that the spirit of its liberator was not only almost omnipotent, but also omniscient; that it was not quite omnipresent, is proved by the faction of Young Ireland having been established under his once pet, Smith O'Brien, against the liberator himself, and sharing with him some of the credit of the apostleship. That he was not omniscient, was proved in the fact that he stepped beyond bounds of the law, and got stripped of a great share of his assumed power and popularity by the law and government of the country. Of the time present, we unhappily need not dwell. The Irish nation is, by the hand of the Almighty, stricken with famine and disease; its bitterest enemies, if it have any, need not wish worse of it than has befallen it, for it has been obliged, to an immense extent, to accept succour from the government and the people, against which so many thousands were arrayed, and from a nation beyond its seas, which was the receiver of its distressed and dissatisfied, who could reach there. It is likewise at present estimated that nearly a fourth part of its people will die under the scourge of the Disposer of events, in the course of the current year. Of the future, at least for a few years, we cannot, in moral and in honest feeling, suppose that much may be said with respect to its government, as a body politic. Not only has much been given to the distressed in Ireland, but much has been done, and is now doing by the government of the Imperial Parliament, to assist the people and their employers for the time yet to come; and surely the whole world would, to a man, except, indeed, rebellious, factionary, and ungrateful individuals, rise against a people who should attempt to be hostile against those who have been good, kind, charitable, and long suffering to the whole generation of a people.

This is our view of the case, and the subject itself, in short has been like the increase and then the decline of a fever. The motion of a Repeal of the Union was the fever itself of a sanguine people, the promise was the excitement and increase, it gradually rose till the pulse was 2000 per week in Catholic Rents; the patient was copiously bled at the time of the *Traversers*' heat, the pulse gradually fell, until it was at 12 or 14 1-2 per week, and is now not thought of but as the fever that was existent in the popular mind.

There is another view of this subject, which, to us, is far more interesting than the former; it is that in the government of worldly affairs, Mr O'Connell may be traced up as an instrument formed for the service in which he moved. He was a Roman Catholic, born one, brought up in its most formidable college, that of the Jesuits, and the first Roman Catholic that in modern times has practised at the Bar, the first that has sat in a modern House of Commons. The first matter that engaged his attention and his cares, upon his entering the theatre of the world, was the Irish privation, and the earliest commotion in his country during his time, was the Rebellion in 1798. So the passion and feeling of his youth has been constant, they have "grown with his growth, and strengthened with his strength;" and opposition, as it almost always does, made him cling the closer to his creed, both political and religious. He was of talents, of eloquence, and he became popular; all this was food to the flower, nourishment to the plant, and he became what he was at last, the man of the people.

It cannot be denied that Ireland has been badly treated during the main part of seven hundred years; that the English, or rather the Anglo Normans, acted towards her as the Saxons, in former ages, had acted towards the British; they landed as moderators, they closed in taking entire possession (but this is rather recriminating than an apology for the conduct towards Ireland.) They have never been made an integral part of the British Dominions until *The Union* in 1800, the very thing which the O'Connell desire has been endeavouring to do away.

The terrible reigns of Henry VIII. and his daughter Mary were long fastened on the national and religious memory, and they were more than revived in to freshness of recollection by those of the second Charles and of his brother the second James. When the last had vacated the throne, when reformation was the order of the day, loudly called for, and when the battles of the Boyne and of Limerick were fought it was hardly a wonder that excessive restraints were laid upon the Catholics, to prevent their being influential in the government at that period, and even if Ireland had at that time been incorporated as an integral portion of the British Empire, such would have been its fate, for it was and is still essentially Roman Catholic. For a century, then, the country was put, as it were, in the back ground, until the makers of those restraints and their immediate compeers and their descendants were no more; and

O'Connell himself was one of the very first to partake in a relaxation of those restraints, by being allowed to come to the Bar; the nation itself became a portion of the British home empire at the beginning of the present century; in about thirty years more the Catholic emancipation took place, the general irritability against that religion having much subsided, and O'Connell himself being the first seated in the House of Representatives after the great reform. Notwithstanding that it was evidently the purpose, however tardily, of the British government to bring up Ireland to its level among the people, the liberator was too anxious to bring that immediately about that he either forgot or did not know that it is not to be done with a people as one would by an individual, and that such improvement was best brought about *festeria lente*. Still the government tried to keep pace with him, and he probably and unfortunately went too fast to do good. Desires were gratified too rapidly, and like a person on horseback going over the ground too fast, it was plain that upon any relaxation of speed to a bad rider he must fall off when that should take place. He had become very popular, and in the blindness of a rapid career he had ventured to say that he should come up with repeal. If he had he would undoubtedly have ruined his country; but he was not to come up with repeal. The Tories came in again, he abused his former friends, as he thought them, the Whigs. Peel was a post he ran against, and the rider of the hobby fell, never to rise so fast again. Then came on the famine; the people, never very industrious, were just then less so than usual, for thousands had been spending their time and their money in going to monster meetings. They were giving their pittance to their liberator, and were starving themselves and families; the persons whom they had been insulting and bearding put forth their liberal hands in relief; their liberator finished the business on which he was the instrument; the people of Ireland neither now nor shortly hence will be in anything like a condition to make another effort, and things will for a time at least be in comparative tranquillity.

O'Connell has been a wonderful man, one of great talents, and our only doubt has long been of his moral honesty, so great has been the subscription on this account, and so rich is all his family. So great do we consider him, that whether we have to look towards his son, or towards O'Brien, as his successor, we still perceive that it is *sed longo intervallo*, and that he has really done much in behalf of the Irish, notwithstanding that he has ridden his hobby-horse and their credulity somewhat too much.

Well, then, the great, (and we mean the term in sincerity,) the great O'Connell is no more. He has done much for his country, and he meant to do more, but his plan was not faultless. He would have done better if he had tried his influence upon the comparative rich landlords, and have endeavoured to expound to them the parable of the Talents. He should have tried to make them attempt more practical virtues, greater economy in themselves, and to enforce that and industry to their tenants; he should have taught them that their place was to be bestowers not receivers of bounty; and, instead of enriching himself and his family, he should have abstemiously denied himself all he could whilst he wrought at the work he was desirous that he should be thought sincere in. He has certainly brought about in a comparatively short time many acts in favor of Ireland, but the query is, are they done so well when done in a hurry as when they are well concocted and concluded on. May he not—nay, has he not been more desirous of doing much than of doing wisely? He and my Lord Brougham were two men of iron constitutions, and could do much work of various kinds from day to day. Should not both have been more self-denial, and both have conscientiously been occupied in public good? But both have been too desirous of worldly reward, and we confess that to neither have we, in our mind, been able to assign the character of abstractedly and politically honest.

This is not the first time that political union has been the struggle in the British Government. It is well known that Scotland was not annexed to England when both first came under the dominion of one monarch, and yet Scotland came under very different circumstances. James, King of Scotland, was heir of England, and came to the crown of the latter by right. When the union of the two countries afterwards took place, great was the emotion, great the agitation, upon the question, and Scotland was indignant that she would, as was believed, lose her independence in that union. But it passed, and who now finds fault with the measure? It is now perceived that it was concocted in wisdom, and has resulted well. At a much later date, Ireland, which, *prima facie*, had not such a cause of resistance to the manner, became also an integral part of the home government; it has struggled fruitlessly, and in due course of time, the sagacity of the measure will be applauded. For half a century after this, it will be matter of satisfaction, and the active persons who meddled in the dispute, will, if recollected at all, be remembered in compassion.

But O'Connell will be remembered, for there is no denial that he was both an uncommon and a great man, and though some of his projects may have been erroneous, and some of his ideas visionary, he had the good of Ireland in view, and his mixed motives of action have rendered some of his plans abortive, and have rendered him less great in the abstract character of a Liberator.

In our advertising columns will be found, as we have been instructed, the letter of M. Villarino to the Editor of the Courier and Enquirer, as an advertisement. We now allude to it, because the subject has occasioned some commotion. That the Press is free at public entertainments, is generally the conceded case in all civilized nations, and the managers are right to keep the doctrine of free admission to the Press always before them. It is like tacitly

saying, "I am managing my best. I have as good a strength as my circumstances and the general charge will bear. I have no hesitation in letting those remark who are the organs of public taste, opinions, and guidance, and they are quite at liberty to say what they think right, for they are so many, that the difference may be put right, on the whole." But we do not think that the Press have a right to be free, but that the managers, though they carefully and uprightly use their discretion therein, should have a control in the admission or non-admission. Not many of the principals use this freedom, they more commonly send reporters; and it is a thing possible, that those who go may combine to write an entertainment or party down, to please some base purpose, and the manager is lending them assistance in injuring himself. We conclude, therefore, that though a denial of admission is against custom, yet discretion may possibly excuse the breach of etiquette, (law it is not.) Whether the case which is now brought before the public be such or not, we have no means of knowing, and do not care to enquire.

Music and Musical Intelligence.

We are truly sorry to report, that such was the stormy condition of the weather last Saturday, a very small audience was at the Tabernacle, to hear the beautiful oratorio by Rossini, called "Moses in Egypt," sung by the Havana Company. But they went well through it, and much to the delight of the comparative few who braved the weather.

On Monday evening, at the Park, the company were obliged to postpone the repetition of "Ernani," in consequence of the indisposition, by severe cold, of Perelli, the Tenor singer. It was therefore announced that "Norma" would be performed on Tuesday evening.

The Opera on Tuesday was nearly falling through, by an accident that had happened to Signora Raniera, and by which she was in danger of having a limb fractured; but she resolved to make her appearance, particularly as there had been a disappointment the preceding night, and she sung the part of Abalgiza in a very beautiful style; in fact, she is, in singing, about as great an attraction as a Contralto, as Tedesco is as a Soprano, but they both were exceedingly great, the latter, of course, as the Norma of the piece. Signora Tedesco, in the first prayer, of "Casta Diva," was very fine, and the rich and beautiful round near the end of the first act sung by Tedesco, Ranieri, and Signor Severi, (the Tenor, in the part of Polioni,) was delightful, indeed only, as we think, rather too quick for the genius of the composition. We cannot say much in favor of the Severi; his voice is always flat, and his utterance is not good; nor was the part sung by Battaglini (the Oroveso) more than middling. The *mis en scene* was, as it always is by this company, in very good taste, style, and his orical correctness, and the chorus was in very excellent order and strength; in fact, the chorus is really a feature of this establishment. The Overture—we are glad now-a-days to speak of an overture—was well played by the orchestra, but we are not satisfied with the noisy accompaniment of this department during the progress of the opera. Some of the singing, particularly that of the Oroveso, we really could not hear, and although much of the accompaniment is well and skilfully composed, the harmony is exceedingly good and happy, and the whole played with correct precision, under the leadership of Arditi, yet one wishes to hear the melodies also from that choice instrument the human voice. The double bass of Botesini is astonishingly loud, and chaste enough in its quality of tone produced, to be enough for the whole bass of an orchestra, if necessary.

Literary Notices.

The Boy's Summer Book.—Harper & Brothers have published this, the first of a new and very charming little series of books for the young, descriptive of the season, scenery, rural sports and pastimes, by Thomas Miller, the well-known poet. The subjects introduced and the style in which they are treated are admirably calculated to excite the attention and captivate the fancy of the youth of both sexes. We believe this delightful volume will take the whole family of Juveniles in our city by storm; the numerous engravings are so exceedingly tasty and effective; they are superior to any we have seen.

The Anaborsis of Xenophon; with English Notes, By Professor Anthon.—Harper & Brothers—This is a new volume of the esteemed series of school classics issued under the supervision of Dr Anthon: the same excellent plan adopted with the previous authors has been observed in the present work; and it is needless for us to attempt any description of the peculiar merits of this method, since the Professor's series has long been the most generally used in the several colleges of the land.

Harper's New York Class Book: by Russell.—We have in this new manual of reading exercises an important feature introduced by Prof. Russell, that of incorporating much instructive and useful matter, so that while he is practising in the art of reading and elocution, he is also imperceptibly acquiring at the same time a body of information regarding the history, biography, scenery, and local peculiarities of the country and state. The author, from his long matured experience in this branch of education, may be fairly supposed capable of constructing a manual on this subject suited to the demands of the times. Teachers and pupils would do well to investigate the work for themselves. One thing is certain, it combines a large circle of valuable and varied instruction.

Pictorial History of England.—No. 25 has also just been issued from the press of the Messrs. Harper, continuing the history down to the times of the Commonwealth. We have recommended this important and most interesting

publication to our readers more than once during its serial issue; and we repeat it that it is by far the most intrinsically valuable work of its class extant.

The Sketch book of Fashion: by Mrs. Gore.—A cheap issue of one of this sprightly and amusing writer's earlier fictions: it is a collection of very picturesque sketches of fashion in the British metropolis.

The Horse and his Rider: by Rollo Springfield: New York: Wiley & Putnam.—This is a very lively, spirited, and, as we think, a very correct account of the animal so useful to mankind. It may be considered the history of the Horse, since his earliest domestication to the present period. The book is also well got up, and is copiously illustrated with plates.

Chemistry in its Application to Agriculture and Physiology: by Justus Liebig, M. D.: New York: Wiley & Putnam.—A few years ago, this subject and work was published in the large 4to. form, and on very coarse materials, as a cheap publication. The consequence was, that it fell into many hands, very few read, and came into the contempt which it did not deserve. It is now published in compact form, quite cheap enough for every one's consultation, and worthy of the author's name. We trust the over-cheap and shabby way of publication is fast drawing to an end, for we are of opinion that such did more harm than good to the cause of literature of the better kind.

The Columbian Magazine, for July, 1847.—This periodical, under the continued good editorship of John Inman, Esq., is always intrinsically good, both in matter and getting up. It has several interesting plates in this number, the explanations of which are by the Editor himself.

The Minor Drama: New York: Berford & Co.—This is part of the Acted Drama of which we have frequently spoken. The publishers have just put forth neat copies of "The Barrack Room," in which the performance of Mrs. Kean, as Clarissa, will be well remembered by play-goers; and "The Irish Tutor," in which the acting of Master Burke will be also long and well remembered.

OFFENDERS AND DEFENDERS.

The New Orleans Picayune gives the following amusing account of the examination of two juvenile Jimmy Twitchers, before Recorder Gonares. They rejoiced in the names of James Johnson and Joseph Brown, and were accused of abstracting cakes from a coffee stand in the market:—

"What do you say to this charge?" said the Recorder to them.

"Vy, ve says not guilty, of course," said Johnson; "no one aint bound to criminate himself."

"Yes, but you were seen taking the bread by the negro," said the Recorder.

"A negro aint no witness against a white boy, no how you can fix it," said Brown.

"And besides," said Johnson, "cakes aint bread no more nor fleas aint lobsters—so there cant be no indictment found for stealing it."

Recorder—"But another person than the negro woman saw you take the cakes; the Commissary himself saw you do it."

Brown—"Vell, vot of it; it warnt no burglary, 'cause it was done in daylight, and there warnt no lock broken."

Johnson—"Yes, and I should like to ask the gem'an as how he knows, 's'pose we did take them, but that we meant to pay for them. It is not every one what takes things on credit as can be prosecuted for larceny—not by a long shot."

Recorder—"Both of you seem to have no inconsiderable experience, young as you are, in the rules of court and criminal practice—have you ever been up before a court before?"

Johnson—"We is not bound to answer that 'ere question, 'cause our 'kracters haint been impeached."

Brown—[aside to Johnson]—"Right, Jim, mum's the word—'kracter—guess we aint quite so green as he takes us to be."

Recorder—"Well, I shall send both of you to the Work house for thirty days: you are evidently too idle, too vicious, and I may add too cunning, to be permitted to go at large."

Johnson—"We calls for a trial by jury, your honor, and a speedy trial at that. The constitution guaranties it to every 'Merican citizen, and we aint agoin to be chizzled out of it, no how."

Recorder—"At all events, I will send you to the Work-house for the present. I wish to see if I cannot learn something more about you."

Johnson—[as the officer took them out of Court]—"Vell, then, I'm blowed if we don't get out on a 'baby corpy."

The unanimous opinion of all in Court who witnessed this 'forensic' display was, that Masters Johnson and Brown are a most promising pair of youths, and most probably destined, in the course of human events, to add to the productive industry of the State by a residence for a fixed term in Baton Rouge.

Smart Reply.—A short time ago as a boy was riding a horse to the fair at Barnsley to sell, he was accosted on entering the town by a sprig of a dealer who called out in a consequential tone, "Why, Jack, that horse you're riding is badly; look what a white face he's gotten." "Hey," said the lad breaking off whistling, "an yod hev a white face too, if yod look't through a holter az long az it hez'."

BRANDRETH'S PILLS.

A VEGETABLE AND UNIVERSAL MEDICINE.

These Pills cure all diseases by purifying the Blood. They give to all the organs of the body the proper amount of life necessary to their purification. They are a

FOUNTAIN OF HEALTH TO ALL MANKIND,

and may be justly said to give the beauty and vigour of youth to the weakness and decrepitude of age. Can it be believed that after being before the public for ninety-one years, their sale should only now be a little rising a million of boxes per year? But so it is, and it is only to be attributed to fatal prejudice, or their sale would be at least twenty millions of boxes per year instead of only one million. Let all the sick use them—they will soon be among the healthy; let all who would secure themselves from sickness have them by them, in case of a sudden attack; for a few doses taken when the body commences to get out of order, and the benefit is secured at once. Fathers and mothers, attend to this subject; sons and daughters, attend to this subject; let all men and women ask themselves the question, whether what has stood the test of time so long does not deserve some attention.

And who is to be benefited? Those who use the Brandreth Pills. They are the ones that

receive the interest of a thousand per cent. How? In a present payment of health, of vivacity for dullness, of brightness and clearness of perception, in place of cloudiness and confusion of mind.

Brandreth's Pills are a life preserver. Those who know their qualities feel secure in their health and faculties being preserved to them to an indefinite period. They are equally good in all kinds of disease, no matter how called, because they cannot be used without taking out impurities from the blood, and perseverance will cause its perfect purification, and no disease can be present when the blood is pure.

MR. CYRUS DURAND'S LETTER.

Clintonville, New Jersey, 4th April, 1847.

Dear Sir: I have for years been subject to a sour stomach and much flatulence, especially after eating ever so light a repast. These and other symptoms of a dyspeptic nature have given me much trouble, making me occasionally very sick; in fact I for years scarcely ever was really well, and I often thought I should never have precious health again.

In this condition I commenced using your Pills, and after only a few weeks' use of them freely, I found myself much improved. I then took one pill a day for ten days, and they perfectly restored me. It is four months now since, and I have enjoyed the best possible health, having no return of acidity of stomach, or any other dyspeptic symptom whatever.—I remain, dear Sir, truly yours,

B. Brandreth, M. D.

Sold for 25 cents per box, with full directions, at Dr. BRANDRETH'S Principal office, 241 Broadway; also, at his retail offices, 274 Bowery and 241 Hudson street, New York; and by one agent in every city, town and village, in the United States and Canada, each of whom has a certificate of agency from Dr. Brandreth. Observe it.

To the Editor of the Courier & Enquirer:

Sir:—I read in your Journal of this morning an article reflecting, in moderate language, on a supposed offence of mine against an Editor of the New York Press. Rather warmer comments have been uttered in other respectable papers within a few days on the same subject. It is a matter of no small importance to me that the truth should be known, and I shall lay the simple facts before the public that they may form an impartial opinion, by which I am ready to abide.

On hiring the Park Theatre I requested the management to direct me, a perfect stranger, as to the journals in which I should advertise. A list was handed me which I immediately adopted. Some time last week a person called on me and demanded to know who would pay him for advertising the Opera? I replied, that, of course was my business, and looking at my list, desired the name of his paper. It turned out that his journal was a new French enterprise called the *Franco American*; and the individual addressing me was its editor, Mr. Rene Macon. It was not on the list given me by the old management of the Park Theatre, and it now appeared that Mr. Macon had been advertising the opera "on his own hook," as they say in New York; and was violently blustering for the payment of a debt I had never contracted, and of the existence of which I knew nothing till up to that moment, no more than I knew of him or his paper. His language on the occasion was such as to prevent my giving the few dollars he asked, which I was at first disposed to do. The next day he published a most scurrilous article on the performances of my troupe: and though I believe the public of New York would not have altered the opinions already so kindly expressed, by the coarse and malicious criticism of Mr. Macon, yet unwilling that the feelings of the ladies attached to my company should be harshly wounded in a quarrel that was my own, and which it would have been more mainly in Mr. Macon to have confined to me, I did give the order not to give him free admission to the house. But it would grieve me deeply to have any act of mine, whether right or wrong, and which was directed toward a particular individual, construed into an offence against the entire press of New York, to whom I am under the profoundest obligations for the generous welcome they have so disinterestedly bestowed on me and the members of my establishment. I am far from thinking, however, that Mr. Macon, either in manners or ability, represents the press of this enlightened and generous city; and I feel no doubt that upon learning his ungentlemanly conduct they will sharply and instantly rebuke it.

A. to the general points, Mr. Editor, that you have so ingeniously touched upon in your article of this morning, concerning the free admission of Editors to Theatres, it is sufficient for me to know that it is the universal custom here and in Europe so to admit them; but I cannot see how so common a privilege should in any way affect the independence of their judgment. On the other hand it is an object to the Manager, and a service to his artists to have a performance regularly noticed by the press; and I whether this particular labor, which requires much talent, should be paid for by the owner of the paper or by the Manager, depends on the single consideration of which of the two parties is the gainer. In New York, where the question has arisen, I believe the manager gains as much to have his performances regularly noticed, as the Editor does in having such notices regularly furnished his readers: and in this conviction I am glad to bear my share by throwing the house open to the gentlemen of the press—which, after all, is a very inadequate return, in my opinion, for the services rendered. You will allow me, Sir, I am sure, to protest against the supposition that the simple exercise of the right of entrance, is likely so far to bias their criticisms as to make them useless to the public and discreditable to themselves.

I have the honor to remain,

Respectfully yours,
JOSE VILLARINO.

Park Theatre, June 18th, 1847.

(G) The city papers will please copy the above, and send their bills to the Box Office.]

J. CONRAD,
FIRST PREMIUM BOOT MAKER.
No. 56 Market Street and No. 5 Ann Street,
June 19th-1y.] NEW YORK.

CALEDONIA SPRINGS.

THE CANADA HOUSE.—The subscriber, in expressing his obligation for the very liberal patronage he received during the preceding summer, begs to inform the Public that "THE CANADA HOUSE" is again OPENED by him, for the reception of Visitors; and he most respectfully solicits a continuance of their patronage. He assures them that he will spare no pains to add to their comfort, health, and recreation.

Since the close of the last season, the house and grounds have undergone many important alterations and improvements, which, it is hoped, will add to the comfort and convenience of Visitors. The Dining-room has been considerably enlarged, and the Bar removed from the house.

The Subscriber is happy to state that MISS MURRAY, whose attention to visitors is so well known, will still remain at the Springs.

The Caledonia Springs present the great advantage of a variety of Medicinal Waters, acknowledged by the most eminent of the Faculty to be, each of their kind, unrivalled in their efficacy for the cure of diseases, and invigorating qualities.

The Salt and Sulphur Baths are in full operation, from the use of which the most extraordinary benefits have been derived.

The Stages will leave Montreal every Morning, (Sundays excepted) and arrive at the Springs in the Evening.

The charges at the Canada House will be the same as last year, namely:—

By the Month	£6 0 0
By the Week	1 15 0
By the Day	0 6 6

June 12—(31s.)

H. CLIFTON.

PHRENOLOGISTS AND PUBLISHERS,

FOWLER & WELLS,
131 Nassau-st. N. Y.

May 16th.-tf.

LAP-WELDED BOILER FLUES.

16 FEET LONG, AND FROM 1-2 INCHES TO 5 INCHES DIAMETER.

Can be obtained only of the Patentee.

April.

THOS. PROSSER,
28 Platt Street, N. Y.

EYE AND EAR.

DR. POWELL, OCUList, AURIST, &c.
261 Broadway, cor. of Warren-st.

ATTENDS EXCLUSIVELY to Diseases of the Eye and Ear, from 9 to 4 o'clock. STRABISMUS or Squinting cured in a few minutes.

ARTIFICIAL EYES inserted that cannot be distinguished from the natural Eye. Specacles adapted to any defect.

DR. POWELL has just published a popular Treatise on the Eye, with Engravings, 8mo., paper 50 cents, muslin 75 cents, comprising a familiar description of the Anatomy and Physiology of the organ of vision. Rules for the Preservation, Improvement, and Restoration of sight. Remarks on Optics and the use and abuse of Spectacles, with directions for their selection. To be had at the Author's, and of all Booksellers. May 22-3m.

THE EXERCISE OF CRICKET.

THE MANUAL OF CRICKET.

COMPRISING the Laws of the Game, some account of its history, and of the progressive Improvements made therein, Directions and Instructions in the Practice and Play of the usually and athletic Exercise, and suggestions as to Variations and Applications of it, so as to afford satisfactory recreation to small numbers of players. The whole being intended as a complete Cricketer's Guide. With numerous Illustrations, Embellishments, and diagrams. By Alex. D. Paterson.

By way of appendix to this work, there will be added the body and everything important of "Felix on the Bat."

N. B.—Booksellers will be supplied on reasonable terms, by applying to Berford & Co. Astor House, Broadway.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS.

THE Subscriber is constantly receiving fresh supplies of every description of the above well known popular Pens. A large stock is constantly kept on hand, consisting of patent, Ma g arm Bonum, Damascus and double Damascus barrel Pen; Principality, each extra fine, fine an d medium points; Caligraphic, (illustrated cards). Peruvian, New York Fountain, Ladies' Patent Prince Albert, Queen's Own, Baronial, Victoria, and School Pens, on cards and in boxes of one gross each. Together with an excellent article for School use, the Collegiate Pen and the Croton Pen, (on illustrated cards and in boxes,) which possesses strength, elasticity, and fineness of point, admirably suited to light and rapid hands. Very cheap Pens in boxes; holded of every description; all of which are offered at low rates, and the attention of purchasers are solicited, by

HENRY JESSOP, Importer, 91 John-st. cor. of Gold

Oct. 3-tf.

THE LONDON PENNY MAGAZINE, PENNY CYCLOPEDIA, &c

Imported and For Sale, (Wholesale and Retail.)

BY EDMUND BALDWIN, 155 BROADWAY.

1. THE PENNY MAGAZINE of the "Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge."—Volume for 1845 is now complete. All the back volumes constantly on hand.

2. THE SUPPLEMENT TO THE PENNY CYCLOPEDIA.—It is unnecessary, any announcement, to point out the value of this "Supplement to the Cyclopaedia." To the purchasers of the original work it will be almost indispensable; for, ranging over the whole field of knowledge, it was impossible, with every care, to avoid some material omissions of matters which ought to have found a place. But to these, and even to readers who may not desire to possess the complete Work, the Supplement has the incalculable advantage of exhibiting the march of Progressive Knowledge.—Volume ONE is now complete, and may be had bound in sheep, or in parts.

3. Also, THE PENNY CYCLOPEDIA of the "Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge."—The name of the Penny Cyclopaedia was derived from its original issue in a weekly sheet, when a work of much less magnitude was contemplated. From its commencement it has been supported by a great body of Contributors, eminent in their respective departments; and its articles, in many of the great branches of knowledge, are regarded as authorities, and have acquired celebrity, wherever the English language is read.—Complete and bound in 27 volumes sheep, or in 14 vols. 1-3 Russia. Fb. 21-tf.

LAMPS, GIRANDOLES, HALL LANTERNS AND CHANDELIERS.

DEITZ, BROTHER & CO.

WASHINGTON STORES, No. 139 WILLIAM-ST.

ARE MANUFACTURING AND HAVE ALWAYS ON HAND, a full assortment of articles in their line, of the following descriptions, which they will sell at wholesale or retail prices, for cash:—

Solar Lamps—Gilt, Bronze and Silvered, in great variety.

Suspended Solars, do. do.

Bracket Solars, do. do.

Solar Chandeliers, do. do., 2, 3 and 4 lights

Suspended Camphene Lamps; Brackets do do

Side, do. do.

Camphene Chandeliers—2, 3, and 4 lights.

Girandoles—Gilt, Silvered and Bronzed, various patterns

Hall Lanterns—Various sizes, with cut or stained glass.

May 1-tf.

THE PLUMBE NATIONAL DAGUERRIAN GALLERY.

251 BROADWAY, UPPER COR. MURRAY ST.

Instituted in 1840.

TWO PATENTS GRANTED UNDER GREAT SEAL OF THE U. S.

AWARDED THE GOLD AND SILVER MEDALS, FOUR FIRST PREMIUMS, and TWO HIGHEST HONORS, at the NATIONAL, the MASSACHUSETTS, the NEW YORK, and the PENNSYLVANIA EXHIBITIONS, respectively, for the MOST SPLENDID COLOURED DAGUERREOTYPES, AND BEST APPARATUS

Portraits taken in any weather in exquisite style.

Apparatus and Stock, wholesale and retail.

Instruction given in the Art.

Jly. 25-tf.

SANDS' SARSAPARILLA.

FOR THE REMOVAL AND PERMANENT CURE OF ALL DISEASES ARISING FROM AN IMPURE STATE OF THE BLOOD OR HABIT OF THE SYSTEM, VIZ:

Scrofula or King's Evil, Rheumatism, Obstinate Cutaneous Eruptions, Pimples or Pustules on the Face, Blotches, Biles, Chronic Sore Eyes, Ringworm or Tetter, Scald Head, Enlargement and Pain of the Bones and Joints, Stubborn Ulcers, Syphilitic Symptoms, Sciatica or Lumbago, and Ascites or Dropsy. Also, Chronic Constitutional Disorders.

THE value of this preparation is now widely known, and every day the field of its usefulness is extending. It is approved and highly recommended by Physicians, and is admitted to be the most powerful and searching preparation from the root that has ever been employed in medical practice. It is highly concentrated for convenience and portability, containing nothing but the expressed essence, and is the representative of the *Sarsaparilla* Root, in the same manner as Quinine is of Peruvian bark, or Morphine of Opium. It is an established fact a few grains of either Quinine or Morphine contain all the medicinal value of a large quantity of the crude substances; hence the superiority of these preparations—and no invalid would desire to drink a gallon mixture, when a half pint contained the same medicinal value. The *Sarsaparilla* can be diluted when taken agreeable to the directions, and made to suit the taste of the patient.

The following certificate is only another link in the great chain of testimony to its merits

South Bolton, Canada East, April 18, 1846.

Messrs. Sands—Gentlemen: Exposed as we are to the attacks of disease, and so frequently disappointed in proposed remedies, we cannot but look upon the efforts of successful practitioners with interest and gratitude. This is true respecting your valuable preparation of *Sarsaparilla*. I have been severely afflicted for 33 years with a disease, about which "Doctors disagreed," and their prescriptions were still more diverse. I tried various remedies but found no relief until I commenced using your excellent medicine, at which time I was wholly confined to my bed. After using it a few months, I now am enabled to walk about, ride out, and enjoy a comfortable degree of health, which I attribute entirely to the use of Sands' *Sarsaparilla*. Please accept my assurance of gratitude and regard.

JOHN M. NORRIS.

Being personally acquainted with the above statements, I hereby certify that the same are true.

Further Testimony.—The following is an extract from a letter received from Rev. Wm. Galusha:—

Berkshire, Vt., Oct. 22, 1846.

Messrs. Sands: I have been afflicted with a severe pain in my side, occasioned by a diseased liver, for the last twenty years; suffering at times what language cannot convey, but since taking your *Sarsaparilla* I have been greatly relieved, so much so that I have been able to attend to my business, and preach occasionally for the last fifteen months. I wholly discarded all other medicine, and thoroughly tried the *Sarsaparilla*, which I can recommend in truth and sincerity to all those who are in any way afflicted with any species of scrofulous complaints. There have been some remarkable cures effected by its use in this vicinity. Mrs. L. Shaw, by the use of six bottles, was restored to better health than she had before enjoyed for ten years, and Mrs. W. Stevens, who had been severely afflicted with Erysipelas, was entirely cured by the use of a few bottles.—Yours, truly,

WM. GALUSHA.

For further particulars and conclusive evidence of its superior value and efficacy, see pamphlets, which may be obtained of Agents gratis.

Prepared and sold by A. B. & D. SANDS, Druggists, 100 Fulton Street, corner of William, New York.

Sold also by John Holland & Co., Montreal; John Musson, Quebec; J. W. Brent, Kingston S. F. Urquhart, Toronto; T. Bickle, Hamilton; and by Druggists generally throughout United States and Canada. Price \$1 per bottle. Six bottles for \$5.

(G) The public are respectfully requested to remember that it is Sands' *Sarsaparilla* that has been and is constantly achieving such remarkable cures of the most difficult class of diseases to which the human frame is subject; therefore ask for Sands' *Sarsaparilla*, and take no other.

APARTMENTS WITH PARTIAL OR WITH FULL BOARD.—A couple of Gentle men, or a Gentleman and his wife, can be accommodated with Apartments and Board to any specified extent, by applying at No. 127 Hudson Street, (St. John's Park), where every at tention will be paid to their comforts, and to render their residence a home. The most satis factory references will be given and expected.

MAXIMILIAN RADER, 46 Chatham Street, N.Y., Dealer in imported Havana and Prin cipe Segars in all their variety. **LEAF TOBACCO** for SEGAR Manufacturers, and Manufactured Tobacco constantly on hand. July 7-1y.

THE TRUSTEES OF THE NEW YORK SOCIETY LIBRARY

Would direct the attention of the public to the following brief account of the present con dition of this institution, and of the effort now making to increase its importance and usefulness.

The institution is now, in every respect, prosperous. It is free from financial embarrass ment; its real estate, independent of its books, far exceeds in value the amount of its obliga tions; and its income provides for its current expenses, and for considerable annual additions to the Library. It has recently erected a noble library edifice in a central situation, on the prin cipal street of the city, spacious enough for a library of more than a hundred thousand volumes. Its present library numbers forty thousand, generally well-selected volumes (many of which are rare and costly); it may therefore be said to have laid the foundation for a library of the first class, and such the trustees are determined to make it, if the public will foster it as the importance of the object deserves.

Attached to the library is a convenient and commodious reading room, well supplied with the home and foreign journals and newspapers, which offers every accommodation, both for quiet reading and a rapid glance at the news of the day. One of the objects now in view is to transfer this department of the library to the first floor of the building, to render it more ac cessible to persons whose time is limited, and to extend the library proper over the whole of the second floor.

The institution is not, as many have supposed, an exclusive one. Any person of fair charac ter may become a member of it on application to the librarian, and enjoy its privileges by pay ing twenty-five dollars, the price of a share, and an annual assessment of six dollars; the lat er may be commuted at any time by the payment of seventy-five dollars.

This is the condition and character of the institution, in whose benefit the public are now invited to participate, and for whose advancement their co-operation is solicited. It is hoped that every friend to the moral and intellectual improvement of our city, every parent who would furnish various and valuable reading to his children, every one who seeks an occasional retreat from the toils and tumults of business, in a word, every one who knows the value of a great library in a great metropolis, and is not now a member of this institution, will immediately become one, and that those who are already members of it will lend their active and efficient aid in raising it to the rank which the trustees are now aiming to give it. If this is done, the trustees pledge themselves to the public that nothing shall be wanting on their part to carry out this great object, and enable the institution to attain a character and present an aspect of ex tent and importance that will make it the boast and honor of the commercial metropolis of the Union. Feb. 13—1f.

NATIONAL LOAN FUND.

LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY OF LONDON.

"A SAVINGS BANK FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE WIDOW AND THE ORPHAN."

(EMPOWERED BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT.)

CAPITAL £500,000, sterling, or \$2,500,000.

Besides a reserve fund (from surplus premium) of about \$185,000.

T. LAMIE MURRAY, Esq. George-st. Hanover-square,

Chairman of the Court of Directors in London.

Physician—**J. ELLIOTSON**, M.D., F.R.S.

Actuary—**W. S. B. WOOLHOUSE**, Esq. F. A. S.

Secretary—**F. P. CAMROUX**, Esq.

THIS INSTITUTION embraces important and substantial advantages with respect to life assurance and deferred annuities. The assured has, on all occasions, the power to borrow, without expense or forfeiture of the policy, two-thirds of the premiums paid; also the option of selecting benefits, and the conversion of his interests to meet other conveniences or ne cessity.

Assurances for terms of years at the lowest possible rates. Persons insured for life, can, at once, borrow half amount of annual premium for five suc cessive years, on their own note and deposit of policy.

Part of the Capital is permanently invested in the United States, in the names of three of the Local Directors—as Trustees—available always to the assured in case of disputed claims (should y such arise) or otherwise.

The payment of premiums, half-yearly or quarterly, at a trifling advance upon the annual rate.

No charge for stamp duty. Thirty days allowed after each payment of premium becomes due, without forfeiture of policy.

Travelling leave extensive and liberal, and extra premiums on the most moderate scale. **DIVISION OF PROFITS**—The remarkable success and increased prosperity of the So ciety has enabled the Directors, at the last annual investigation, to declare a fourth bonus, varying from 35 to 85 per cent. on the premiums paid on each policy effected on the profit scale.

UNITED STATES BOARD OF LOCAL DIRECTORS—(Chief Office for America, 74 Wall-st.)—New York—**Jacob Harvey**, Esq., Chairman; **John J. Palmer**, Esq., **Jonathan Goodhue**, Esq., **James Boorman**, Esq., **George Barclay**, Esq., **Samuel S. Howland**, Esq., **Gorham A. Worth**, Esq., **Samuel M. Fox**, Esq., **William Van Hook**, Esq., and **C. Edward Habicht**, Esq.

Philadelphia—**Clement C. Biddle**, Esq., **Louis A. Godey**, Esq., **George Rex Graham**, Esq., **William Jones**, Esq.

Baltimore—**Jonathan Meredith**, Esq., **Samuel Hoffman**, Esq., **Dr. J. H. McCulloh**.

J. Leander Starr, General Agent, and **Edward T. Richardson**, Esq., General Accountant, for the United States and British N. A. Colonies.

Medical Examiners, New York—**J. Kearney Rodgers**, M.D., 110 Bleeker-st.; **Alexander E. Hosack**, M.D., 101 Franklin-st.; **S. S. Keene**, 290 Fourth-st.

Medical Examiners attend at 74 Wall-st. and No. 134 Bowery at 3 o'clock P.M. daily. Fee paid by the Society.

Standing Counsel—**William Van Hook**, Esq., 39 Wall-st.

Bankers—**The Merchants' Bank**.

Solicitor—**John Hone**, Esq., 11 Pine-st.

Cashier—**Henry E. Outlip**, Esq.

An Act in respect to insurance for lives for the benefit of married women, passed by the Legislature of New-York, 1st April, 1840.

Famphlets, blank forms, tables of rates, lists of agents, &c. &c. obtained at the Chief Office 74 Wall-st. 134 Bowery, or from either of the Agents throughout the United States, and British North American Colonies.

J. LEANDER STARR, General Agent for the United States and B. N. A. Colonies.

New York, 8th Jan. 1847. Jan. 18th

TAPSCOTT'S GENERAL EMIGRATION, AND FOREIGN EXCHANGE OFFICE.

PASSAGE FROM, AND DRAFTS TO, ALL PARTS OF ENGLAND, IRELAND SCOTLAND, AND WALES. Persons wishing to send for their friends, in any part of the Old Country, will find the subscriber's arrangements for 1847, most complete, and calcu lated in every way to ensure satisfaction to all who may make arrangements with them to bring their friends across the Atlantic. The subscribers are agents for

THE NEW LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

QUEEN OF THE WEST - 1300 tons. **ROSCIOUS** - 1200 tons. **LIVERPOOL** - " **SIDDONS** - " **HOTTINGUER** - " **SHERIDAN** - " **ROCHESTER** - " **GARRICK** - "

The above magnificent packets are all new York built ships of the very first class, built ex pressly for the Liverpool passenger trade, and fitted up with special regard for the comfort and convenience of passengers; they are commanded by men of experience, and are not surpassed for speed by any ships afloat. Their sailing days from Liverpool are on the 6th and 11th of every month, on which days they leave punctually.

In addition to the above splendid ships, the subscribers are also Agents for the **ST. GEORGE'S AND THE UNION LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS**, composed in part of the following favourite and well-known ships, viz.: "The America," St. George, Empire, St. Patrick, Rappahannock, Magnion, Sea, &c. &c. which, together with the new line, make six ships per month, or one every five days, from Liverpool; thus prevent ing the possibility of delay at that port. Passage from any part of Ireland to Liverpool, can be secured at the lowest rates. Every information given by applying to

W. & J. T. TAPSCOTT, 86 South-st.

2d door below Burling Slip.

Drafts supplied for any amount from £1, upwards, payable throughout the United Kingdom. Feb. 27.]

FLOWERS, BOUQUETS, &c.

WILLIAM LAIRD, Florist, corner of Broadway and 28th street, N. Y., has always on hand, and for sale at moderate prices, Greenhouse plants of all the most esteemed species and varieties; also, hardy Herbaceous Plants, Shrubs, Grape vines, &c. Orders for Fruit and Ornamental Trees, supplied at the lowest rates. **BOUQUETS** of choice flowers taste fully put up at all seasons.

N. B.—Experienced Gardeners to lay out and keep in order Gardens, prune Grape, &c. Gen tlemen supplied with experienced Gardeners, and Gardeners of character with places, by apply ing to **Wm. Laird**. Ap. 20-1f.

LEFT-OFF WARDROBE AND FURNITURE WANTED.

THE highest price can be obtained by Ladies and Gentlemen who wish to dispose of their left-off wardrobe and furniture. By sending a line to the subscriber's residence, through the Post Office, it will be promptly attended to.

J. LEVENSTYN, 466 Broadway, up-stairs.

Ladies can be attended to by Mrs. J. Levenstyn. Jy 4-1y.

PIANO FORTES.

PURCHASERS are invited to call at **CHAMBER'S** Ware-Rooms, No. 385 BROADWAY for a superior and warranted article. Apl 18-1f.

NEW LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

TO SAIL from NEW YORK on the 26th and from LIVERPOOL on the 11th of each month:—

Ships.	Captains.	From New York.	From Liverpool.
SHERIDAN,	F. A. Depeyster,	Sept. 28th	Nov. 11.
GARRICK,	B. I. H. Task,	Oct. 28.	Dec. 11.
ROSCIOUS,	Asa Eldridge,	Nov. 28.	Jan. 11.
SIDDONS,	E. B. Cobb,	Dec. 26.	Feb. 11.

These ships are all of the first class, upwards of 1100 tons, built in the City of New York, with such improvements as combine great speed with unusual comfort for passengers.

Every care has been taken in the arrangement of their accommodations. The price of pas sage hence is \$100, for which ample stores will be provided. These ships are commanded by experienced masters, who will make every exertion to give general satisfaction.

Neither the Captains or owners of the ships will be responsible for any Letters, parcels, or packages sent by them, unless regular bills of lading are signed therefor. For freight or passage apply to

E. COLLINS & Co., 56 South Street, N.Y., or to

BROWN, SHIPLEY & Co., Liverpool.

Letters by the Packets will be charged 12 1-2 cents per single sheet, 50 cents per ounce, and newspapers 1 cent each.

Messrs. E. K. Collins & Co. respectfully request the Publishers of Newspapers to discontinue all Advertisements not in their names of the Liverpool Packets, viz.:—the **ROSCIOUS**, **SID DONS**, **SHERIDAN** and **GARRICK**. To prevent disappointments, notice is hereby given, that contracts for passengers can only be made with them. Feb. 13—1f.

NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL LINE OF PACKETS.

SAILING from NEW YORK on the 11th, and from LIVERPOOL on the 26th of every month:—

Ships.	Captains.	From New York.	From Liverpool.
Waterloo,	W. H. Allen,	Mar. 11, July 11, Nov. 11.	Ap. 26, Aug. 26, Dec. 26.
John R. Skiddy,	James C. Luce,	Ap. 11, Aug. 11, Dec. 11.	May 26, Sept. 26, Jan. 26.
Stephen Whitney,	C. W. Popham,	May 11, Sept. 11, Jan. 11.	June 26, Oct. 26, Feb. 26.
Virginian,	F. P. Allen,	June 11, Oct. 11, Feb. 11.	July 26, Nov. 26, Mar. 26.

These ships are of the first class, their accommodations being unsurpassed for room, elegance, and convenience. The reputation of their Commanders is well known, and every exertion will be made to promote the comfort of Passengers and the interests of Importers.

The Captains or Owners will not be responsible for any Letters, Parcels, or Packages, sent by them, unless Regular Bills of Lading are signed therefor. For freight or passage, apply to Jan. 30-1y.

ROBERT KERMIT, 76 South Street.

NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL LINE OF PACKETS.

SAILING from NEW YORK on the 6th and from LIVERPOOL on the 21st of each month, excepting that when the day of sailing fall on Sunday the Ship will be dispatched on the succeeding day.

Ships.	Captains.	From New York.	From Liverpool.
Ashburton,	H. Huttleston,	Jan. 6, May 6, Sept. 6.	Feb. 21, June 21, Oct. 21.
Patrick Henry,	J. C. Delano,	Feb. 6, June 6, Oct. 6.	Mar. 31, July 31, Nov. 31.
Independence,	F. P. Allen,	Mar. 6, July 6, Nov. 6.	Apr. 31, Aug. 31, Dec. 31.
Henry Clay,	Ezra Nye,	Apr. 6, Aug. 6, Dec. 6.	May 31, Sept. 31, Jan. 31.

These ships are of a very superior character; they are not surpassed either in point of elegance and comfort of their Cabin accommodations, or for their fast sailing qualities, and offer great inducements to shippers to whom every facility will be granted.

They are commanded by experienced and able men, whose exertions will always be devoted to the promotion of the convenience and comfort of passengers.

The price of passage outward is now fixed at \$100, for which ample stores of every descrip tion will be provided, save Wines and Liquors, which can at all times be obtained upon ap plication to the Stewards.

Neither the Captains or Owners of the Ships will be responsible for any Letters, Parcels, or Packages sent by them, unless regular Bills of Lading are signed therefor. For freight or pas sage, apply to

GRINNELL, MINTURN & Co., 78 South-st., N.Y., or to

CHAPMAN, BOWMAN & Co., Liverpool.

LONDON LINE PACKETS.

To sail on the 1st, 10th, and 20th of every Month.

THIS LINE OF PACKETS will hereafter be composed of the following Ships, which will succeed each other, in the order in which they are named, sailing punctually from NEW YORK and PORTSMOUTH on the 1st, 10th, and 20th, and from LONDON on the 7th, 17th, and 27th of every month throughout the year, viz.:—

Ships.	Captains.	From New York.	From Portsmouth.
St. James,	F. R. Meyers,	Jan. 1, May 1, Sept. 1.	Feb. 20, June 20, Oct. 20.
Northumberland,	R. H. Griswold,	10, 10, 10.	Mar. 1, July 1, Nov. 1.
Gladiator,	R. L. Bunting,	20, 20, 20.	10, 10, 10.
Mediator,	J. M. Chadwick,	Feb. 1, June 1, Oct. 1.	20, 20, 20.
Switzerland,	E. Knight,	10, 10, 10.	Apr. 1, Aug. 1, Dec. 1.
Quebec,	F. B. Hebard,	20, 20, 20.	10, 10, 10.
Victoria,	E. E. Morgan,	Mar. 1, July 1, Nov. 1.	20, 20, 20.
Wellington,	D. Chadwick,	10, 10, 10.	May 1, Sept. 1, Jan. 1.
Hendrick Hudson,	G. Moore,	20, 20, 20.	10, 10, 10.
Prince Albert,	W. S. Sebor,	Apr. 1, Aug. 1, Dec. 1.	20, 20, 20.
Toronto,	E. G. Tinker,	10, 10, 10.	June 1, Oct. 1, Feb. 1.
Westminster,	Hovey,	20, 20, 20.	10, 10, 10.

These ships are all of the first class, and are commanded by able and experienced navigators. Great care will be taken that the beds, wines, stores, &c., are of the best description.

The price of Cabin passage is now fixed at \$100 outward for each adult, without Wines and Liquors. Neither the Captains or Owners of these Packets will be responsible for any Letters, Parcels, or Packages sent by them, unless regular Bills of Lading are signed therefor. Apply to

GRINNELL, MINTURN & Co., 78 South-st., or to

JOHN GRISWOLD, 70 South-st.

OLD LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

THE OLD LINE OF PACKETS for LIVERPOOL will hereafter be despatched in following order, excepting that when the sailing day falls on Sunday, the ship will sail on the succeeding day, viz.:—

Ships.	Masters.	From New York.	From Liverpool.
Oxford,	S. Yeaton,	June 1, Oct. 1, Feb. 1.	July 16, Nov. 16, Mar. 16.
Cambridge,	W. C. Barstow,	16, 16, 16.	Aug. 1, Dec. 1, April 1.
Montezuma, new	A. W. Lowber,	July 1, Nov. 1, Mar. 1.	16, 16, 16.
Fidelis, new	W. G. Hackstaff,	16, 16, 16.	Sept. 1, Jan. 1, May 1.
Europe,	E. G. Furbur,	Aug. 1, Dec. 1, April 1.	16, 16, 16.
New York,	T. B. Cropper,	16, 16, 16.	Oct. 1, Feb. 1, June 1.
Columbia, new	J. Rathbone,	Sept. 1, Jan. 1, May 1.	16, 16, 16.
Yorkshire, new	D. G. Bailey,	16, 16, 16.	Nov. 1, Mar. 1, July 1.

These Ships are not surpassed in point of elegance or comfort in their Cabin accommodations or in their fast sailing qualities, by any vessels in the trade.

The Commanders are well known as men of character and experience; and the strictest at tention will always be paid to promote the comfort and convenience of passengers. Punctuality as regards the days of sailing, will be observed as heretofore.

The price of passage outward, is now fixed at \$100, for which ample stores of every descrip tion will be provided, with the exception of Wines and Liquors, which will be furnished by the Stewards if required.

Neither the Captains or Owners of these Ships will be responsible for any Letters, Parcels or Packages sent by them, unless regular Bills of Lading are signed therefor. For freight or passage, apply to

GOODHUE & Co., 54 South-st., or

C. H. MARSHALL, 36 Burling-slip, N. Y., or

ARRING, BROTHERS & Co., Liverpool.